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THE COMPREHENSIVE SCHOOL
A special feature

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by VICKY

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The Vocabulary of Violence

MORE than anything else, the Cyprus tragedy illustrates the power of words to drive men into folly. The ease with which the Greeks and Turks reached agreement in Zurich, the rapidity with which the London conference was assembled, the smiles, handshakes and backslappings at the Dorchester and Carlton House Terrace between men who a few weeks ago were denouncing each other as criminals – all this may well lead ordinary citizens, including the relatives of the dead, to ask whether the tragedy need ever have occurred at all. Was there, at any time, a real conflict of interest in Cyprus? Might not the terms being negotiated this week – involving as they do no intolerable sacrifice on the part of any of the protagonists – have been agreed on at the very start of the crisis, before a single bomb had been thrown?

'Madness, Madness!' shouts the Medical Officer at the end of *The Bridge On the River Kwai*. A future historian, analysing the Cyprus conflict, might be tempted to make the same facile comment – thus missing the opportunity to draw a valuable political lesson. For if Cyprus was madness, it is a very common and recurrent variety, to which few of us seem immune: the madness of political slogans. 'Never,' said the British. 'Enosis,' said the Greeks. 'Partition,' said the Turks. Around these words, each mutually exclusive, each largely unrelated to the interests of the ordinary people they were alleged to benefit, clustered the senseless passions which modern mass-communications and mass-electorates can conjure up with frightening speed, but which are not so easily dispersed. Other emotive words joined the vocabulary of violence: 'Vital Interests', 'Sovereignty', 'Murderers', 'British Boys', 'Atrocities'. Together, these words killed 400 men and women; they cost £30 million; and it took four and a half years of misery until the politicians saw through them to the reality they obscured.

Have the 400 died in vain? Not if we force ourselves to understand why they died and apply that knowledge elsewhere. How many Frenchmen and Algerians, for instance, will be crucified on the syllables of 'Integration' and 'Independence'? And in Europe, what future holocausts are being prepared by the semantics of 'Reunification', 'Free Elections', and 'Confederation'? The analogies are endless. But at this point we must pause. If slogans carry the seeds of death, so also does the easy assumption that there are no real disagreements, that the simple recognition of common humanity can solve all. The lesson of Cyprus is that we must distinguish between slogan and reality, strip the problem of its verbal dressing in order to see whether the wound underneath is curable – or whether it has ever really existed.

At a verbal level, for instance, the German problem would seem insoluble. There is no common ground between the Soviet 'Confederation', which would leave the East German regime intact and sovereign, and the western 'Reunification through free elections', which would entail the withdrawal of Soviet troops without any corresponding sacrifice by the West. But can we not, for a moment, forget the verbal 'solutions', divisive as they are, and examine the points on which the East and West have a common interest? First, it is axiomatic that both sides wish to avert a conflict on the German border which could lead to a world war; and that therefore they both have an interest in securing a mutual withdrawal from the Cold War parapet which would make such a conflict less likely or, if it occurred, less fatal. Secondly, they both want to avoid any solution which would allow either of the Germanys to subvert the other by force. Thirdly, they both require guarantees against the re-militarisation of a united Germany. Recognition of these common interests does not, in itself, constitute a solution; but it forms an admirable starting point for a free discussion. The retirement of Mr Dulles from the scene, and his effective replacement as principal western spokesman by Mr Macmillan – a man who does not necessarily regard flexibility as a vice – should make it easier to adopt this new angle of approach. And if Mr Macmillan and Mr Krushchev begin their talks by mapping the area of agreement and by clearing the ground of the verbal debris of ten years' Cold War, they may find the area of discord much smaller than they thought.

Comments on the Week's News

Sovereignty in Cyprus

As we go to press, it still seems likely (though not sure) that the London conference on Cyprus will end with acceptance of at least the heads of agreement. All parties to the conference, including even Archbishop Makarios, have strong motives for desiring a quick and successful outcome. Nevertheless, however ingenious the draftsmen at Lancaster House, Greek Cypriot reservations on sovereignty are deeply felt and will not be disposed of by a reluctant acceptance of the Zurich formula. It is this issue—which concerns not only British rights over the military base, but even more rights of intervention by Britain, Greece and Turkey if a government were to be elected in Cyprus which could be stigmatised as 'Communist'—which is likely to provide the biggest stumbling block in the detailed negotiations which must follow a successful outcome to the present conference. Mr Macmillan will be wise if he worries less about his own party backwoodsmen and more about the realities. As far as the base is concerned, a 99-year lease, which the Archbishop would accept, is just as valuable in military terms as sovereignty. The truth is that the people of Cyprus have won their right to independence—that is why the London conference is taking place—and any attempt to impose on them conditions which seem to deny their sovereign status will result sooner or later not in the mystical 'irrevocability' with which Mr Selwyn Lloyd is trying to buy off the Suez group, but in a further struggle for freedom—which would be bound to lead to the resuscitation of both Enosis and partition.

Persian Gamesmanship

What has been going on in Teheran? The Soviet note, announcing the rupture of Russo-Persian treaty talks, speaks of Persian 'double-dealing'. It claims that the talks, begun at the end of last month at Persia's request, became meaningless when the Soviet delegation learnt that Persia was about to conclude a military agreement with the US. There is probably some truth in this. Since the overthrow of the Mossadeq regime (which, as was revealed in 1954, was organised by the US Central Intelligence Agency), Persia has had close links with Washington. But Mr Dulles had always refused to sign a direct treaty of alliance, guaranteeing Persian external and internal integrity. He argued that this was a commitment which the US could not undertake to discharge in all circumstances; and that Persia, unlike Pakistan and Turkey, had nothing to offer in return, since under the Russo-Persian Treaty of 1921, Russia has the right to move troops into Persia if military forces of a third party enter the country as a threat to the Soviet Union (thus effectively ruling out US bases). This is the principal reason why the US has refused to become a full member of the Baghdad Pact, though it belongs to all its committees. Since the Baghdad *coup* last July, however, the US had become more willing to increase its military responsibilities in the area; equally, the Shah is now more than ever anxious to obtain specific US underwriting for his regime. The proposal for a new US-Persian military agreement was broached at the last meeting of the ministerial council of the Baghdad Pact, and, in order to sharpen Washington's appetite, Teheran initiated talks with Moscow. The Russians seem to have fallen for the scheme, and the bait was snapped up in the US also. It now looks as if the Americans will give the Shah what he is asking for, thus increasing great power involvement in the hazardous internal politics of the area.

Aden Federation

Six of the 23 states in the Aden protectorate have signed a new federal constitution. Although it was the ruling Emirs who took the initiative, the British administration has welcomed it. The form of the new constitution suggests that the ultimate aim is to achieve an independent state within the Commonwealth, perhaps something like Malaya, with Aden colony as its Singapore. This may be a laudable ambition, but it is unlikely to be achieved. The federation itself has come about largely because of the fears aroused by increasing pressure on the six states by Yemen. Moreover, both in the protectorate and in the colony, pan-Arabism is a much stronger influence than attachment to Britain or the Commonwealth. Nor is it likely that the higher economic development of these six states will wean them away from the Arab world. It is true that each of them participates in the land development project at Abyan, where by the use of modern irrigation cotton plantations are developing and tribesmen becoming peasants. This may well lead to an undermining of the authority of the traditional tribal rulers. Yet, as has been seen amongst the trade unions in the colony, Arab nationalism is by no means confined to the Emirs. Economic and political rumblings may grow louder, but they are unlikely to be divorced from the common ambition of pan-Arab association.

Twenty-One

The 'direct conflict of testimony', noted and unresolved in Sir Lionel Heald's report on the Granada TV quiz *Twenty-One*, will probably never be resolved. Nor, frankly, does it matter to the public whether it was Mr Armstrong or Mr Kesten whose recollection was at fault. What is clear and what does matter is that Mr Armstrong was at least partly apprised in advance (by means which remain obscure) of the nature of some of the questions he had to answer to win prizes in the quiz. It could be argued that the nature of the entertainment represented by this quiz was of such utter triviality that nobody of adult intelligence need bother his head about whether the result was contrived or not. The public, however, does not take this view. Quiz games for very substantial prizes are, despite the provisions of the Television Act, an increasingly popular, though deplorable, feature of commercial TV. They consist, in essence of exploiting the motive of greed to induce ordinary citizens to manifest embarrassment, humiliation or extreme nervous tension for the entertainment of the viewing public. The appeal to viewers seems to consist mainly of a sadistic pleasure in other people's discomfort, coupled with a rather unwholesome self-identification with the participant's greed for the prize. The standards of intellect and taste involved are usually of the lowest, and it is difficult to see this form of entertainment as anything but ugly and corrupting. It is at least something that Sir Lionel's findings have induced the ITA to issue belated instructions for the supervision of this type of quiz-game in future. But it is fair to add that the Granada company is wholly exonerated from blame in this case—indeed Mr Kesten was not even an employee of theirs, being an independent contractor. The whole episode, however, should make the company consider further whether its reputation would not be enhanced if this type of item were altogether eliminated from its programmes.

The Tungku Resigns

Resignations for strategic or spiritual purposes are not as rare amongst Asian Prime Ministers as elsewhere; and the resignation this month of Tungku Abdul Rahman in Malaya is not particularly surprising. An election is due to be held in his country in August, the first since independence. In the 1955 election an alliance was formed between the United Malay National Organisation, the Malayan Chinese Association and the Malayan Indian Congress, and holds 50 of the present 52 seats in the Legislative Council. Since then, however, certain stresses have begun to be felt. Neither the MCA nor the MIC are fully representative of their communities, and communalism is the immediate danger to the government and to the alliance which supports it. Moreover, in the background, the early grumblings of economic and social underprivilege are already to be heard. The semi-feudal structure of the present political set-up is an invitation to the growth of opposition. In the absence of any strong social democratic organisation this presents a new opportunity to the Communists, now virtually defeated in the jungle. Unless the Tungku can not only strengthen his party organisation but satisfy the desire for economic and social change, the warnings which he has heard now are likely to sweep him away.

Franco and the Boy Scouts

To add to his troubles, General Franco has now got involved in a bitter dispute with the Catholic Boy Scouts movement. The existence of these scouts, who wear uniforms of the Baden-Powell variety, has long been resented by the Falangists, who have their own youth movement. In most of Spain, however, the Falange is now too weak and discredited to enforce its demand that the scouts should be suppressed. In Catalonia, however, there are two local complications. First, the Catholic Scouts there are identified, rightly or wrongly, with Catalonian separatism. Second, General Acedo, the Civil Governor of the Province—and undoubtedly the most detested man in Catalonia—is a fierce opponent of separatism and a champion of the Falange. Since he became Governor three years ago, he has waged a bitter campaign against Catalan books, poetry, ceremonies and customs, and has on several occasions tried to suppress the Scouts. Two years ago, he had two scouts, aged nine and ten, arrested for wearing uniforms; last summer, while out driving, he captured two scouts on the road, drove them to a police station and had them stripped. At the end of November he again returned to the attack, accusing the Church of fomenting separatism through the movement. This has now brought a reply from Dom Aurelio Escarre, the Abbot of Monserrat. 'The Church', he said, 'always tells the truth. If such truth is not agreeable to those who govern—let them change!' The Abbot's sermon was censored in all the newspapers, but is now circulating in broadsheets throughout Catalonia. Franco, for the first time, is faced with an open church-state controversy.

News from Our Own Correspondents

New York

Lincoln on Inflation

As always at this time of the year, Abe Lincoln last week returned to Washington and the world of politics. To a joint session of Congress, moved as it has rarely been moved, Carl Sandburg invoked the man who was 'both steel and velvet . . . as hard as rock and soft as drifting fog'. Pointedly the poet reminded the politicians, in Lincoln's words, that 'the dogmas of the quiet past are inadequate for the stormy present'. Even more pointedly he recalled Lincoln's desire to give schooling and the franchise to the newly freed Negroes, and as he left the chamber, to thunderous applause, he stopped to shake the hand of Chief Justice Warren.

Elsewhere in the city President Eisenhower was offering a more comfortable theme for his party's observation of the 150th anniversary of Lincoln's birth. It was not Lincoln the Emancipator that he drew upon, nor Lincoln the Saviour of the Union, nor Lincoln the Man of Sorrows, but Lincoln the Book-keeper. For this solemn occasion, the President's staff had dredged up a speech in which Lincoln as a fledgling Representative in 1848 had made a Congressman's traditional bow in the direction of economy. Congress, he had suggested in that 'quiet past' of minimal federal responsibility, should 'first determine how much money can, for that year, be spared for improvements; then apportion that sum to the most important objects'.

There was nothing casual about the President's choice of a text. It has become apparent in recent months that nothing in this time of troubles has so stirred him as the matter of government spending. A check of his public statements since the last election shows that eight out of 13 have been devoted to balancing the budget. At his press conferences and in talks with Congressional leaders, frugality, thrift, and a sound dollar have had their biggest vogue since the days of Calvin Coolidge.

More than the President's personal cause, however, economy has become the political watchword of the Republican Party. A grass-roots campaign based on this appeal has been mapped out, and Congressional Democrats have been challenged to provide tax increases for every appropriation they vote against the wishes of the Administration. Otherwise they are to be treated as fair game in an open season on 'reckless spenders'.

Politically, it is difficult to see who is to be rallied by this rallying cry. Granted the evils of inflation, it is hardly a clear and present danger. As a financial writer of the *New York Times* sees the economy, 'the most important single fact at the moment about the inflation problem is that it does not exist'. Prices have been steady for some time, and the reaction of many a wage-earner is that it's better to have the money to pay high prices than lack the money to pay low, a circumstance associated in the public mind with a Republicanism long repudiated. What's more, the President's policy has the effect of making the Democrats again the champions of social welfare, the proponents of public housing, of reclamation, of federal aid in the fields of health and education.

With unemployment close to the five-million mark, some 20 per cent. of industrial capacity unused, and the annual gross national product increasing by less than two per cent. (while Russia's goes up eight), opponents of the Administration are making a strong case for a federal shot in the arm rather than retrenchment. What adds piquancy to the Republican position is that Vice-President Nixon now has the task of drafting a programme to combat inflation, while Nelson Rockefeller, his arch rival and the new Republican hero, launches his term as Governor of New York with a programme of more spending and more taxing. Both are distasteful by party edict, but in the long run they should do the Governor no harm. With a shrewd political eye to the difficulties of his position, Mr Nixon is going about ruefully observing that 'everyone is against inflation, but no one is against the causes of it'.

ROBERT BENDINER

Middle East

Oil Prospects

A Correspondent in Beirut writes: The Venezuelan Hydrocarbons Law of 1943 set the pattern throughout the world for the 50-50 arrangement for the division of profits between oil companies and oil-producing states. There was a delay of seven years before Aramco introduced the principle into the Middle East but then, with the Persian nationalisation as a stimulus, it soon became general in the area. Although the oil companies had for long taken very much more than 50 per cent. they now came to see a 50-50 split as a profoundly just and business-like arrangement. But 50-50 has had only a brief reign, and again it is Venezuela which is leading the way. It is true that the Japanese signed an agreement last year with both Saudi Arabia and Kuwait for offshore drilling in the Persian Gulf whereby the two Arab states are to receive 56 and 57 per cent. respectively of the profits when oil is found. But the importance of the retroactive law passed by Venezuela's outgoing Junta is that, by sharply raising income tax, it increases to about 60 per cent. Venezuela's share of the profits of the companies already producing oil. Venezuela's oil revenues will be about $950 million in 1958, as compared with $770 million in 1957. This is a much greater threat to IPC, Aramco, and the consortium in Iran, than any of the new Middle Eastern agreements with the Italian and the Japanese, because they are not yet producing oil (except for the Italians in small quantities in Sinai). Strictly speaking, the major oil companies in the Middle East are not bound by their agreements to give up a larger share of their profits unless one of the neighbouring producing states is actually receiving a larger revenue per ton of oil produced. But clearly, if the oil companies in Venezuela continue operating in spite of the new taxes, which seems likely, the argument that 50 per cent. is the absolute maximum share of its profits which any oil company can afford to disburse will appear less convincing to Middle East governments.

The suggestion by President Betancourt of Venezuela that a state-owned company will be formed to operate alongside the foreign oil companies is less sensational. Both Iran and Egypt have already done this. But if Betancourt achieves his declared intention of creating a Venezuelan-owned tanker fleet and breaking into the highly-cartellised world marketing organisations, Venezuela will have done something else which the Middle East states have not yet succeeded in doing. It is what they all hope to do, although they are going about it in different ways. Iran has probably the best chance in that the state-owned National Iranian Oil Company may soon have large quantities of crude oil for export either from the Qum field, or from elsewhere in central and northern Iran, or from the three areas in southern Iran where an Italian, a Canadian, and an American company have concessions in partnership with NIOC. The consortium's concession covers less than one-quarter of the potential oil-bearing areas of Iran. But selling crude oil independently of the major international companies is not easy, as Iran found out to its cost after nationalisation. Saudi Arabia, which has no national oil company and is unlikely to have one for some time, has not sought to do any marketing itself but only to obtain a share of the profits of all oil operations, including marketing, instead of only production, as is usual at present The Japanese in their desperate search for oil that does not have to be paid for in hard currency, agreed to this for their concession in the Persian Gulf. The Saudis would like Aramco to do the same but they will have to find some very effective form of pressure before Aramco will agree to budge on this issue.

The Iraqi revolutionary government is trying to persuade IPC to relinquish large parts of its concession areas which Iraq could then either develop itself with the aid of foreign technicians or concede to other foreign oil companies on more favourable terms than it now obtains from IPC. At the same time the Iraqis are trying to obtain a larger part of their royalties in the form of crude oil rather than cash. Nuri-Said's government gave up in despair trying to sell crude oil abroad independently of IPC, but the new government has no inhibitions about trading with Communist states. Communist China, Czechoslovakia, and Yugoslavia would all barter capital goods for crude oil. It may be true today that the Arabs have to sell their oil to the West but the potential market in the east is enormous. The eastern hemisphere has about four times the population of the western hemisphere, but only consumes about two-fifths as much oil.

Kuwait has no incentive to try innovations in oil policy, although it would probably follow the lead of the other Arab states, as it followed Saudi Arabia in the Japanese concession. The UAR, on the other hand, has every reason to try to set the pace. It hopes to develop the oil resources of the Eastern and Sinai Deserts and offshore Red Sea areas to make Egypt an oil-exporting country, but this is nothing to what it would gain if all the Arab states could be persuaded to adopt a unified policy in their dealings with foreign oil companies, and build up a single Arab tanker fleet and marketing organisation. This would inevitably lead to the investment of some of the vast profits from Persian Gulf oil in the poorer Arab states. The Egyptians have pinned their hopes on the first Arab Oil Conference which, after several postponements, is now due to take place in Cairo in April. The Venezuelans have agreed to send a delegation. The Egyptians have also opened a large Oil Studies Institute at Suez, where they plan to train Arabs to run their own oil industries. A distinguished American industrial economist said recently, after a visit to Egypt, that within five years the Egyptians would be technically capable of taking over all the oil installations in the Middle East and running them themselves. The oil companies would certainly describe this as a wild exaggeration but the Suez Canal Company also claimed that the Egyptians would be totally incapable of managing the Canal for several decades.

Bournemouth

The East Side Story

The doctor's house lies back from the road at the end of a drive, and whenever the doctor is out after dark his wife is cautious about opening the door to strangers. But one evening this week she did open it when two women said that the doctor had told them to call for some medicine. At once one of the women struck her with a stick and shouted: 'That will teach your – husband to support Mr – Nigel Nicolson'. This was followed by another blow, and then the second woman said in cultured tones: 'That, I think, will be enough', at which both women ran off down the drive, leaving the doctor's wife distraught and considerably injured. On the following day at least three people – a hotel keeper and his wife and an 80-year-old man – who had written letters to the *Bournemouth Echo* supporting Mr Nicolson, received anonymous telephone calls, telling them in melodramatic tones to watch their step. They have asked for police protection.

Who is responsible for this? The Bournemouth East and Christchurch Conservative Association immediately and firmly dissociated itself from the attack in case, as the chairman, Major S. G. Grant, put it, 'there is anybody who is mean enough to attach any complicity to this Association'. Opinion in the town tends to put the blame on some of the young men, with plenty of money and no work – 'wealthy layabouts' – who drive about in fast cars. Whoever is directly responsible, this outbreak of threats and of violence springs from a situation which has been developing in Bournemouth for six years or more.

Bournemouth's roots, such as they are, are not fertilised and refreshed by new experience, but tend to rest on the long past experiences of those who have retired there from the services or business. Such people feel no need to discuss, still less to amend, the Conservatism they have breathed since childhood. Their idea of active political work is cosy chats with their MP about the beastliness of Socialists and Liberals. They were exactly suited by Sir Henry Page-Croft. He was a Brigadier and a gentleman. From the dome of his bald head to his highly polished shoes, he shone with cordial certainty that what had been good enough for his grandfather was jolly well going to be good enough for his grandchildren. How reassuring, in a troubled world, he looked behind a tea cup. Nothing short of a pneumatic drill would get a new idea into his head and not even dynamite would get an old one out of it.

But then came Nigel Nicolson, with his belief in moving with the times. He could not have come at a worse time. Many of the retired people of Bournemouth live on a fixed income. Their one basic interest is to keep prices either stable or falling; and to that end they expected the Conservative government to be tough with the trade unions and to clamp down on full employment. But when since 1951 prices continued to rise and the trade unions still seemed to maintain their stranglehold, their disappointment was bitter – and more so when, on top of everything else, the Tories in colonial policy seemed to be following the 'scuttle' formula of the Socialists. In angry frustration, they turned on the nearest thing to hand – their member who, with his liberal tendencies, was clearly part of the soft underbelly of modern Conservatism. What the retired army of Bournemouth were really after was the sloppiness seeping through the Conservative party as a whole. Hence, with all the ablest Tories outside parliament clamouring for the seat, they chose a man without knowledge or experience of politics, because his primeval instincts were the same as their own.

From then on, any Conservative meeting in Bournemouth was split into two halves, the retired mainly on one side; the doctors, clergymen and other professional people mainly on the other. No one spoke to anybody on the other side. Friendships in this quiet town, which no political issue had rippled since Gladstone launched his attack on the Turks, were broken overnight. To the retired, Nicolson, inconsequently coupled with the name of *Lolita*, became the symbol not merely of softness but of evil. In such an atmosphere, it would be no wonder if some of the flat-brained young men-about-town, with too much money and leisure, vented on Nicolson and his supporters the venomous surplus they would normally reserve for Jews and Socialists.

One result of all this may be that unity among Bournemouth Conservatives will be impossible for a generation. But there is another possible result. There are in Bournemouth, besides professional men, many shopkeepers, local government officials and the like who do not belong to a political party, but whose instincts are broadly Conservative. Many of them, in their disgust, are feeling the first stirrings of revolt. They have always resented the idleness of the young rich. They now see something of the savagery which lies just beneath the skin of the older men and women who for so long have held a high position in the town. I thought of them as I watched the green sea slowly emerging from the mist to slap its waves defiantly against the promenade. If I were in charge of the Liberal Party, I should make sure of catching the tide.

J. P. W. MALLALIEU

Fleet Street

Cold Winds Among the Presses

The battles of Fleet Street and the significant decline in the circulations of all popular daily newspapers have been a continuing theme in this column. But what of the provincial press and especially its smallest members, the small town weeklies? Some figures just collected by the Newspaper Society in the course of preliminary negotiations between the Society and the Federation of Master Printers and the printing trade unions on wage and hours claims, provide chastening evidence of the extent to which the weekly provincial press is now contracting.

In the last three years no fewer than 88 provincial papers, mainly established local weeklies, but including half a dozen evening papers, have been forced to go out of business. There have also been many mergers of local editions, the dropping of editions that can no longer be made to pay their way, and the closing down of many small printing plants as a result of mergers. Moreover apart from the new problem of competition for advertisement revenue from regional commercial television, another source of competition has now to be faced for the first time in the history of the industry. A great many local newspapers are supported by the general printing businesses to which they are attached. In the past the printing industry has been free from foreign competition. The newspaper side of the business still is of course. But this is becoming less and less true of the general printing industry.

To an increasing extent British firms, and especially book printers, are now finding themselves challenged by Continental printers. The main competition has come from Holland – which is already printing books for the British market to the value of £500,000 a year plus a good deal of other printing work – and from Czechoslovakia, which in 1957 printed books for British buyers valued at close on £200,000 and probably exceeded this by quite a bit in 1958. Germany, however, is expected to become an even bigger competitor, and Japanese, Polish and Finnish printers are also entering the market. As one indication of what is happening, the print orders for British Medical Association popular booklets on food and other subjects which are published in initial runs of 250,000 have gone to Holland. At the same time printing firms are finding that an increasing amount of work which used to come to them is now being done by other methods, such as photo-copying, which can be operated by big commercial users themselves.

These facts have been produced by the Newspaper Society and the Federation of Master Printers as part of their case against wage claims. They argue also that an analysis of the position of 106 printing concerns, made up of 50 public companies, including all the big periodical houses, and 56 private companies, shows that last year total net profits of the public companies were 16 per cent. lower than in 1956, and in the case of private companies 20 per cent. lower.

The printing trade unions are now preparing their reply. It is unlikely that they will accept all the employers' figures, still less the conclusions the employers draw from them. Nor, of course, does the unions' case rest solely on the financial position of the industry – in any case, although the level of profit may be declining, printing is still profitable. Part of the unions' case for shorter hours, for example, is that these would increase, not reduce, productivity.

What I am primarily concerned with here, however, is the evidence that has already emerged of the serious situation that faces a considerable part of the provincial press. Nor are periodicals, especially those of small but often highly influential circulation, immune from many of these same cold economic winds. Labour costs account on average for about 50 per cent. of the total production costs of daily newspapers, for about 60 per cent. of the total production costs of provincial and London suburban weeklies. There are, of course, other factors to be taken into account. What cannot, however, be avoided is the conclusion that the outlook for an important part of the press of this country is getting steadily less encouraging. Indeed it now begins to look as if the time is coming when we need a quite new approach to this whole situation on both sides of the industry – including much more readiness to examine the possibility of revolutionary methods of production.

Meanwhile reports reach me from Scotland of a good deal of disquiet about the possibility of a further concentration of newspaper ownership there. Recent buying of shares in George Outram and Co. Ltd., owners of the *Glasgow Herald*, the *Glasgow Bulletin*, an evening paper and a number of weeklies, have led to fears that Roy Thompson, Canadian owner of the *Scotsman* and chief figure in Scottish commercial television, may be contemplating a bid for voting control that would bring both the leading quality newspapers of Scotland under one ownership, and possibly result in their merger. It is difficult to find out how well or ill founded these fears are, though they are widespread. I hope profoundly that they prove wrong. It would be a tragedy if the *Glasgow Herald* and the *Scotsman*, both fine papers with deep roots in the national life, should come under one hat, a greater tragedy if they should lose their separate identities.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

"THEY SAID THEY'VE NEVER HAD IT SO GOOD"
ЛЕНИН
СТАЛИН
"AH, YOU SHOULD SEE OUR NEW ROADS ...!"
"IT WOULD BE DIPLOMATIC NOT TO ASK 'WHICH ONE'S OLD JOE' WHEN WE GET IN, SELWYN!"
"I KNOW YOU'RE BRITISH – BECAUSE YOU'VE GOT RAIN ON YOUR BOOTS"
"DO WE HAVE TO ASK ADENAUER BEFORE I MAKE THE NEXT MOVE?"
ПАРИКМАХЕРСКАЯ
"DO YOU HAVE EQUAL PAY FOR EQUAL WORK IN ENGLAND, GOSPODIN?"
"IS IT TRUE THAT IN YOUR UNDERGROUND THE WORKERS HAVE TO STAGE SIT-DOWN STRIKES TO MAKE THE TRAINS RUN ON TIME..?"

Meeting the People

Serving the Nation?

NOBODY nowadays can avoid the flood of steel advertising which has been sustaining the revenues of newspapers and periodicals alike. It ranges from straight anti-nationalisation argument to the 'public relations' approach. ('Steel is serving the nation well'). No one, after the Hurry episode, is in any doubt as to the objectives of a campaign which has already cost millions of pounds. It is a 'heads we win, tails you lose' calculation. If it succeeds in frightening the Labour leaders, they might abandon their steel policy. If not, then massive 'capitalist dictation of the mental environment,' as the Webbs call it, may prevent the uncommitted from voting Labour. With political allegiance so nicely balanced, unstinted expenditure may decide the outcome of the election.

The implications of this for parliamentary democracy will exercise the commentators. Here I am concerned only to examine the content of the steel propaganda, and evaluate its arguments. The propaganda by suggestion is the most obtrusive but has least content. Trevor Evans finds steel 'an inspiration' ('In this works one man in three *drives* to the job', says the headline). Margaret Stewart under the headline 'Why no strikes in steel?' comes up with an 'astonishing answer' 'Industrial strife has passed it by, and it has not had a major strike . . . for more than half a century'. All this creates a public image of efficiency, prosperity and humanity. Its logical connection with the argument for and against nationalisation is somewhat obscure. Steel production workers are indeed relatively well paid and not strike prone, and this will be true under nationalisation too. But are industrial relations so wonderful under private ownership? Did Margaret Stewart *really* forget that in 1956 the strike of steel craftsmen lost 200,000 days, and would have been far more serious had not a Court of Inquiry been set up. Welsh steelworkers, kept on at the obsolete tinplate and sheet mills in the boom (when they might have moved to other jobs if the plant had closed), and now thrown on the labour market in the recession, ought to be given the job of writing up the next chunk of lyrical prose.

The much publicised statements of steel company chairmen provide a better opportunity for indicating what the steel companies think their case against nationalisation amounts to. Taking the bare bones of their argument, it is that steel is efficient; that there is adequate public control over it; that accountability might actually suffer under public ownership; that the industry would become less profitable if publicly owned; that there would be bureaucracy; and that the overseas trade and connections of the industry might be damaged. They have never tried to meet the arguments of those who advocate nationalisation, and their level of argument is somewhat primitive. Take, for instance, the latest company report of United Steel. Sir Walter Benton Jones's statement reads in part: 'Basically one party strives to conserve the freedom of the individual; it is called the Conservative Party. To the other party the freedom of the individual is a secondary consideration; this party is called Labour, I do not know why. . . . It is generally accepted that this nationalisation movement has been a failure, that it has cost the country a lot of money, and that it will cost the country a lot of money in the future. . . . All the arguments which the Labour Party have brought forward in support of nationalising steel have been refuted time after time. . . . The only reason left to it is the pursuit of an outmoded Socialist dogma.'

The arguments about efficiency and public control can be taken first. The appropriate answer to steel companies who point to their modern plant as evidence of efficiency is not to point to their high proportion of obsolescent plant, nor even to mention the way in which British industry lags behind in some branches of technique. It is to ask: Has steel capacity under private control grown fast enough for it not to set a limit to the growth of the economy? Is it going to do so in the future?

In July 1957, the Iron and Steel Board published the plan for steel growth up to 1962. It had cajoled the reluctant steel companies into a faster rate of growth, both in steel capacity and in home ore output. Steel capacity was to reach 29 million tons by 1962, and much overdue modernisation of plant was scheduled. The main inducement used by the Board was a further rise in steel prices announced at the same time as the plan. 'It would be unreasonable to look for developments on this scale unless the prices could be expected to have some relation to it'; that is, the current consumer must foot most of the bill. The increased profitability is so great that most bulk steel producers show large profit increases even in the middle of the recession.

How have the steel companies reacted? In its last report, in mid-1958 before the recession of steel output deepened, the Board was reduced to saying, 'The best estimate which the Board are able to make (and it cannot be other than tentative) is that . . . the capacity for crude steel should be about 27 million tons in 1962'. That is two million tons less than the plan. The Board, whistling to keep its courage up, stated, 'there is still time for additional projects to come forward which could be completed by about 1962/63.' There is much less time now; and less likelihood.

It is of course a mockery of public control when the Board, that in one year publishes a development plan, a year later contemplates its wreckage, tries tentatively to measure the damage, and sits hoping for 'projects to come forward'. Once again (as in 1952 and after, when public control was removed before ownership was changed) the steel managers' response to a short-term recession is to postpone or abandon the increase in capacity, which should be under way now if the economy is not going to meet, once it is fully employed, the same bottleneck of inadequate steel capacity that it met in 1955.

The experience of 1955 made the Iron and Steel Board more expansionist, but it has not converted the steel chairmen. It is this experience which puts in its proper light the fears currently expressed about the export trade under nationalisation. One company has recently been running an advertisement that says, 'They don't *have* to buy our exports.' In most years, and for many steel products, the answer is that they haven't had much chance to. Time and again, official licensing has had to reinforce 'voluntary restraint' of steel exports. This occurred, for instance, when in 1956 the world price for plate was £20 a ton above the home market price. Since there was inadequate capacity in Britain, we could export to lucrative markets only by denying supplies to home producers. We are unable to supply even Commonwealth demand for steel, outside recession periods; and the Commonwealth countries have had to import two million tons of steel a year from Continental producers. Nationalisation means that the barriers set up by vested interests against adequate growth of steel capacity can be removed. Only then can the steel industry make the vigorous contribution to the balance of payments that it has never made since the war.

If one were to believe the steel chairmen, one would think that they fear lack of accountability under nationalisation. The Colvilles' report by Sir Andrew McCance is a good example; he sets great store by the firm's accountability to its shareholders. The real point, however, is what are to be the criteria by which the work of the steel companies is judged? The short-term interests of private shareholders do not necessarily lead to decisions that are right when judged in terms of national needs. If Sir Andrew wants an example, let us take the steel companies' slowing down of capital investment in the recession, when what the national interest requires is its speeding up. The steel chairmen, in fact, are suspicious of a new world in which their decisions would be judged by strange criteria like the national interest. Their shareholders back them because, if nationalisation were out of the way, they would wax fat on the high profit margins the Iron and Steel Board has allowed in the hope of securing growth. As the yield on steel shares stands at present, their capital gain would be of the order of 100 per cent. It is a somewhat unsavoury alliance. No one even tries to pretend that under private ownership capital can be raised more expeditiously or more cheaply than under state ownership.

The steel companies rely heavily in argument on the deficiencies of the nationalised industries, and the barrage of criticism directed at nationalised industries by the press. But this is a poor argument. It is not fair to blame the nationalised industries because they have been used by the Conservatives as a shock absorber for the vagaries of the private sector. There is a more substantial case in the problems of management that have beset those industries which were previously characterised by small-scale firms and therefore had limited managerial experience in handling large-scale operation and administration. This aspect is least of all relevant in steel. For the main purposes of nationalisation it would be sufficient to take over, say, the 12 largest combines, which between them account for 85 per cent. of bulk steel production, and to take over the most important services at present carried out by the British Iron & Steel Federation. Unlike other nationalised industries, the problem of changing the industry over to large-scale organisation is largely absent. What nationalisation would do is make the large-scale organisations which now exist socially accountable for the key decisions they take.

The leaders of the steel industry control and manipulate large masses of capital. They seek also to manipulate and control our thinking about 'their' industry. If the Labour movement were to retreat in face of this attempt to sway public opinion, the politics of stalemate might be with us for a generation. As it is, this challenge has helped the party to clarify the economic and social principles it stands for. The BISF has united the Labour movement over steel nationalisation. We owe it our thanks.

JOHN HUGHES.

NEXT WEEK

Apartheid in S. Africa

Next week's issue will contain a long, factual supplement on the policy of apartheid as practised by the South African government. This survey of 'the creeping tragedy of South Africa' will be by* RONALD SEGAL, *editor of 'Africa South'.

London Diary

UNTIL an inquiry has been held it is no use guessing why the plane which brought the Turkish Prime Minister here crashed near Gatwick. But the accident does forcibly raise a question which I have never heard answered. Hundreds of hours are lost, an immeasurable amount of inconvenience caused and occasional ghastly tragedies happen because fog blankets London Airport, and often alternative landing places as well. Would all this be prevented if Fido (or a much more up-to-date version of this war-time device) were used to enable planes to land in London Airport even in the fog? Is there any other good reason except that the air companies can't afford the price? I don't know. In the meantime we must be thankful that hopes of success in the Cyprus talks have not all crashed with the Turkish plane. The most remarkable feature so far is the extent of the goodwill and agreement between the representatives of Athens and Ankara. They do not behave like enemies politely trying to reach a necessary agreement. They behave like friends who are aware of a common purpose and who intend to achieve it even if extremists in their own countries or in Cyprus or in Britain try to wreck it. The change began, I think, when Mr Dulles solemnly warned them that America might have to wash her hands of the Middle East if they continued to quarrel; a dubious Persia and a hesitant Iraq were quite enough. If Nato, as well as Baghdad Pact powers, fell apart, economic as well as military aid in the Middle East would fall apart, too. How far this, not the best of reasons, has been responsible for the change in Greek-Turkish relations, I don't know. But if its result is a peaceful Cyprus, that would be a blessing which only a fool or a fanatic will cavil at.

* * *

Just why the Lord Advocate (the Scottish equivalent of the Attorney General) thought a prosecution undesirable in the Waters case we shall, I suppose, learn from the tribunal which the Prime Minister has set up 14 months too late. If he had agreed to an inquiry when Sir David Robertson (the Independent Conservative member for Caithness and Sutherland) and others first wanted to know how and why this boy of 15 was beaten up, the whole thing would have passed off easily enough. Now, of course, everyone is asking what is behind all this; the inquiry may even involve some wider investigation into the police in Scotland, as well as into obstruction by officials and ministers of the Scottish Office and allegations of pressure and even bribery said to have been offered to stop the family taking the matter any further. It is a remnant of our liberal tradition that any allegation of police ill-treatment of an individual unites all parties. The odd thing is that when the allegation concerns British subjects outside this island the government is able to refuse an inquiry with impunity. Take the story divulged by Mrs Castle in this journal last week. Here are allegations a hundred times worse than anything suggested in the Waters case. They are charges, supported in detail by many witnesses, of continuous and shocking police brutality to British subjects in Kenya. The witnesses may or may not be reliable, but the Colonial Secretary brushes the charges aside with only a perfunctory reply that he has made inquiries and can assure Mrs Castle that they are untrue. Or, putting it another way, he has asked the responsible officials and they have, very naturally, reassured him about their own and their subordinates' good behaviour. Then Mrs Castle comes upon one case in which a man actually dies and Mr Lennox-Boyd has to climb down and admit that there is to be a prosecution. What follows? How, after that, can the government honourably refuse a wider inquiry into these allegations? If one of them has been sufficiently substantiated to lead to a prosecution, can Mr Lennox-Boyd get away with a bland assertion that all the others are false? If the House's reputation as a guardian of liberty is really justified, it cannot allow the government to refuse to set up an inquiry into the police in Kenya as well as in Thurso.

* * *

In the longer interests of parliamentary government the political parties should not be too sensitive to every nuance of 'bias' on the BBC. The Tories have been quickest on the ball in this matter; they maintain a network of 'monitors' all over the country and complain every time they think the BBC allows Labour to score a point. Now, of course, with the general election in sight, Labour is catching up. Any discussion of steel nationalisation raises their hackles just as any discussion of unemployment upsets the Tories. I had a laugh over Lord Boothby's comment on 'The Hungry Thirties' programme which has so annoyed his party. It was up to him, of course, to defend this programme because he appeared on it. Practised debater as he is, he argued that the worst deflationist of the lot was a Labour Chancellor of the Exchequer, Philip Snowden, the inference being that it damaged the Labour Party rather than the Conservatives to recall the miseries of hungry dole queues in the Thirties. He can scarcely have hoped that this ingenious defence would satisfy his colleagues. The criticism of Snowden and the Labour government of 1929-31 is that they did not change the orthodox Treasury policy that was to keep the Thirties hungry. But the fact that Snowden listened to Montagu Norman instead of Keynes does nothing to lessen the force of Labour's attack on the Baldwin and Chamberlain governments or to weaken Labour's argument that unemployment is a product of capitalism. What upset the Conservatives about 'The Hungry Thirties' was not really anything to do with the 'bias' of the programme, but the fact that any reminder of the facts of the hungry Thirties tends to help Labour. The danger of these party protests is that they compel the BBC, especially in election year but, more or less, all the time, to become increasingly anodyne, since no programme that deals with any controversial subject will please everybody. However carefully the BBC may try to 'maintain a balance', its programme directors are increasingly induced to play safe and discuss nothing important. The great educational service the BBC can perform gets neglected, and programmes are more and more reduced to light entertainment interspersed with usually boring arguments between official party spokesmen.

* * *

William Glock, who for the last four months has been musical critic on this journal, has been appointed Controller of Music at the BBC. This is indeed an unusual distinction to be earned by a working journalist. He will bring an enterprising and unhackneyed mind to the BBC's musical programmes. It was on his initiative, when chairman of the ICA Music Committee, that Boulez was brought to this country and the BBC persuaded to put him on the air. It was about time, of course, since Boulez and his group had performed all over the Continent. William Glock has edited the British magazine which deals most seriously with modern music, *The Score*, and also made a great reputation as the Director of the summer school of music at Dartington where the best modern musicians have been induced to lecture and perform. His place on this paper will be taken by Mr David Drew, who is amongst the outstanding young musical critics in this country. He is an expert on recent musical developments on the Continent and attracted particular attention among discerning readers by a remarkable recent article on modern French music in *European Music in the Twentieth Century*. He is now writing a book on Kurt Weil.

* * *

Do you notice how the quality of street music has gone up? When I was a child there were plenty of street performers, but their standards were so low (with the exception, of course, of the Hungarian brass bands) that they really got your money (if any) by false pretences. Now there are very few, and quite often worth listening to. I'm told that although there are more *permanent* symphony orchestras in this country than ever before (every one of them subsidised), the closing of the theatres and music halls has reduced the total number of employed musicians to about a tenth of what it was in the Twenties. An elderly street violinist told me the other day, after some questioning, that in good weather his daily takings might average £3 10s. He was playing 'pop' numbers to a cinema queue when I saw him, but you could tell that he was a serious musician. His last professional engagement had been with Sir Henry Wood's 'New Queen's Hall Light Orchestra'. A good musician, he said, playing in the streets today, can get a steadier living than he can indoors—unless he gets into one of the big symphony orchestras. Sad commentary on our society though this is, there are, it seems, some compensations for unemployment among musicians. In the Thirties the other unemployed—with the exception of the Welsh miners who sang splendidly against the traffic—made every street corner hideous and wrung our heart strings into the bargain. I remember, walking along Oxford Street, Francis Birrell putting his fingers to his ears and saying to me, 'The unemployed do get a bit of their own back, don't they?'

CRITIC

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

A split meeting of the YFC was held on Monday night, when the boys learned a great deal from a talk on artificial insemination by a representative from Southbar Cattle Breeding Centre. The girls learned much about the arrangement of flowers from Miss Moira Grant, Busby, who demonstrated the art. After tea, the boys continued with their talk while the girls examined the floral arrangements more closely.—*Hamilton Advertiser*. (W. Brown.)

The Church of England, as Sir Steuart Wilson points out in his letter on 2 February, assures us that marriage is a means of avoiding one aspect of sin.

Imagine our amazement at finding out at the baptism of our children that they were, after all, conceived and born in sin.—Letter in *The Times*. (M. Pardoe.)

A night watchman standing outside the Blue Star Garage in Caledonian Road, N, was slightly injured when attacked by three youths late last night. An eye-witness said: 'I think they mistook him for a foreigner'.—*News Chronicle*. (M. Mordaunt.)

'I am coming to Estoril year after year. These Portuguese give one the respect and kindness one deserves and expects abroad'.—Lady Docker quoted in *News Chronicle*. (John Salomon.)

The Truth about Mayakovsky

M. Etiemble, Professor of Comparative Literature at the Sorbonne, was invited last October to give a series of lectures on French 18th-century literature at the University of Moscow. On his return, he reported that the chief topic of conversation among the students was not the books of Dudintsev or Kotchekov, but a book on Mayakovsky published by the Soviet Academy of Science, which included a number of hitherto unpublished documents, such as the poet's letters to Trotsky.

This book – entitled *Fresh Light on Mayakovsky* – is now available in the west. It includes a long memorandum by the poet on the subject of futurism, dated 1 September 1922, unsigned, and without any indication to whom it was addressed. The fact that the Soviet experts believe it is a fragment of the Mayakovsky-Trotsky correspondence is in itself significant, even if they are wrong. The book, which is of vast length, also contains a number of other revealing manuscripts, whose authenticity is beyond doubt. Taken as a whole, it should provide a shock for Soviet intellectuals almost as great as Krushchev's secret speech at the 20th Congress.

Apart from Gorki, Mayakovsky is the most glorified of all Soviet writers. In every town there is a square or a street, a factory or a school called after him. His works have been published and re-published in million-copy editions and have served as a basis for official textbooks on Soviet literature. These maintain that Mayakovsky, after sowing his literary wild oats, broke with the futurists and became the precursor of Socialist realism in poetry: of all the Soviet poets, he was the most committed to the political struggle, a champion of the ruthless elimination of the enemies of the revolution – in short, an apologist for the future Stalinist purges.

His own works gave the lie, at least in part, to this myth. Their form was very far removed from the standard productions of the Socialist realists. But certain statements in his lectures, selectively quoted out of context, were used by Stalinist theoreticians to enlist Mayakovsky on their side. For instance, Pertsov's preface to Mayakovsky's *Selected Works* (1953), states: 'Mayakovsky became a fervent disciple of the Socialist realist method in poetry, a method which correctly illustrated the reality in his revolutionary development'. The new volume of documents avoids any discussion of this subject. But it includes material which makes it clear, beyond any possible doubt, that the poet, far from being a partisan of Socialist realism, had been one of its most passionate opponents and had fought ferociously any attempt to impose monolithic doctrines on Communist artists.

Here is an extract from a lecture dated 9 February 1925, dealing with painting:

> I saw recently an exhibition of Soviet painters, and I would like to ask you a question: do you call this culture? I looked at a painting by Comrade Brodski, *The Comintern in Session*, and I was disgusted at the depths, the bad taste, the horror to which a Communist painter could stoop. Forgive me, comrades, but I can see no difference between the faces of the Tsarist Council of State, painted by Repin in 1901, and these portraits of our Comintern leaders. I can see no difference, no matter how great is my desire to recognise the faces of the comrades I respect so profoundly.

After this beginning, Mayakovsky launched into a violent diatribe against the pseudo-artists who gained entry into official meetings to sketch portraits of the chief orators. And what was true of painting was also true of poetry, of the theatre, of the cinema and every other art form. Mayakovsky said he was against the classical art inherited from the bourgeoisie of Tsarist Russia, and for a new Communist art, revolutionary not only in its content but in its form. It must come as a surprise to young Soviet students today to read that Mayakovsky poured ridicule, openly and publicly, on Stanislavsky and Nemirovich-Dantchenko, maintaining that the real revolutionary dramatist was Meyerhold – who is still condemned as a formalist. The object of Communist poets and writers, he adds, is not to imitate the works of Tolstoy and Pushkin, but to revolutionise literature, changing it completely in the process.

To accomplish this object, and to fight those he called the cliché-manufacturers, Mayakovsky founded the journal *Lef*. The history and campaigns of this revue can be followed in the poet's letters to his wife and to her first husband, Oscar Brik. In an introductory note, Lili Brik explains that, when she met Mayakovsky, she was already married, but that her husband and the poet became extremely close friends: 'we passed our life spiritually, and for most of the time territorially, the three of us together'. Mayakovsky's enemies, in their lectures, often referred to Brik as the poet's evil spirit, pushing him always towards intransigence.

Lef fought some furious battles against other journals and even against *Pravda* and *Izvestia*. Today's students must be astonished to discover that these two organs were not regarded as holy writ in those days, and that a good Communist and revolutionary combatant such as Mayakovsky reserved the right to challenge them. An enemy of any monopoly in the domain of art, Mayakovsky wrote to Tchujak on 22 January 1923: 'Communist art is a flexible field which does not lend itself to precise definition or theorising; it is a field where practice and intuition transcend the limits of even the most imaginative theoretician. Let us therefore work together without trying to impose directions. Let us perfect ourselves reciprocally, you with your breadth of knowledge, we with our taste'.

Lef appeared only between 1923 and 1925. Then, after an interval of two years, it appeared again between 1927 and 1928 under the title of *New Lef* – still an active opponent of 'official criticism'. A notable example is a lecture by Mayakovsky on 23 March 1927, replying to an attack on *Lef* by Polonski in *Izvestia*. Mayakovsky recalls that it was thanks to his journal that great Soviet literary figures, who went too far for official taste, were able to find an audience. He cited the instance of Isaac Babel in 1924: 'Comrades, when three years ago, Babel came to the capital with a collection of his short stories, he was received with bayonets. They told him: "If you saw such things in the Red Cavalry, you should have reported them to the commanding officer and not put them into stories". Others said: "Why does this man write about Heaven, as if we haven't already enough of such fairy stories. This isn't literature". After that Babel came to us on *Lef*, and, because we refused to follow the line of stereotyped criticism, we published him. Today, even *Izvestia*, through the mouth of Comrade Polonski, admits we were right and calls Babel the most precious jewel in Soviet literature.'

Those who read this forgotten and unpublished lecture today know what became of 'the most precious jewel'. Babel, who was shot during the Stalinist purges, is not the only corpse who lives again in these documents. Meyerhold, Pilniak, Bukharin (cited by Mayakovsky as a great authority on poetry), Koltzov and many others pass in front of the reader, all here presented as sincere idealists and indeed as faithful Communist militants.

This is no timid and half-shameful rehabilitation, but a veritable parade of homage for the victims of Stalinist terror. The letters include, moreover, a notable time-bomb in the form of an unpublished poem found in Mayakovsky's notebooks. It is called *The Emperor*, and was written to Sverdlovsk 11 years after the murder of the Russian royal family. 'I vote against,' writes Mayakovsky, 'when I am asked if we must shorten a man's days. Even the most useless living men, even the most bestial, are more useful than dead men. We who have diverted the march of history, who have erased the old order for ever, we, Communists and men, cannot have blood on our hands.' So much for the carefully fostered official myth of Mayakovsky, the champion of the terror.

Finally, is it true – as all the official biographies maintain – that Lenin and Stalin befriended and protected Mayakovsky? The book does not mention Stalin's name once, but devotes several pages to the 'negative' attitude of Lenin towards the poet. It includes the facsimile of a manuscript note written on 6 May 1921 by Lenin to Lunatcharsky during a Cabinet meeting. 'Are you not ashamed,' this reads, 'to publish Mayakovsky's poems, *One Hundred and Fifty Millions*, in an edition of 5,000 copies? In my view, only one in ten of them are worth publishing at all, and not more than 1,500 copies, for the libraries, etc.' Somewhat later, we are now told, Lenin described Mayakovsky as the poet of the 'Communist hooligan'.

True, one of Mayakovsky's poems attacking bureaucracy, pleased Lenin, who said as much at a congress of metallurgists in 1922. But even this mention had been edited by the Stalinists, as the new volume reveals. The sentence hitherto quoted reads: 'Whatever its merits as poetry, as a piece of political thinking, I guarantee that it is quite correct'. The previous sentence had been suppressed. It reads: 'I am not an admirer of this poet, although I recognise that I have no competence whatsoever in this sphere'. The suppression was crucial.

These revelations are unlikely to damage the reputation of Lenin, which rests on more solid foundations. But young Russians, who admire and know by heart such poems as the *One Hundred and Fifty Millions*, may now note that the Great Teacher was not always the best judge in every aspect of life, and that he had the honesty, moreover, to admit it. But may they not also ask themselves why Stalin, Krushchev or any other member of the Presidium should arrogate such authority to themselves? Are they not as liable as Lenin to make mistakes? Why indeed, *should* they be regarded as competent to judge in all things?

As for Mayakovsky, these documents are likely to add to his reputation, for they reveal him as a humane, passionate, enthusiastic and profoundly original man. Indeed, through them, 28 years after his suicide, he is likely to render his country posthumous service. For by destroying the myths, and by revealing the way in which his poems have been manipulated for political ends, he may encourage young Soviet intellectuals to beware of official versions and to seek out the truth for themselves.

K. S. Karol

As I see TI . . .

"The home is where all things start, and that is where I see TI", says Heinz Kurth, the German designer, asked to give his impressions of Tube Investments Limited.

Where the heart is . . .

Many housewives will agree with Heinz Kurth. Electric cookers with the fastest boiling plates, spin driers, water and space heaters—all under the familiar name of "Creda"—come from one TI company, as do switches. From others come Pel taper tube furniture; Phillips, Hercules, Norman and other bicycles and mopeds for the family; Drynamels decorative paints; vitreous enamel ovenware; Merad electrical wires; roller skates, Apollo sports goods; and parts for refrigerators, vacuum cleaners, pressure cookers, venetian blinds, roofing . . . Soon perhaps there may be a TI home: Metal Sections already designs and erects prefabricated buildings.

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The Threshing Team

ALONG Lomond side and across Rest-and-Be-Thankful the three-foot icicles were breaking off, tinkling and shattering on the road like badly handled Christmas decorations. It was the thaw beginning, right enough, but not getting very far yet. I have never known such a long cold spell, here in the west; by now the Nobleanum hybrid rhododendrons are usually in flower – rather inappropriate banks of pink and scarlet. But not this year, and it is only in the last couple of weeks that the snowdrops have come bursting up.

Still it is wonderful weather for the threshing. The mill has rocked its way up Carradale glen and today was at the farthest out of the farms, Auchanfraoch. That means the heather field; and Auchanfraoch is just on the edge of the rough hills, heather and whin at the back door. But Rory has a few goodish fields along the side of Carradale Water, where there is some alluvial land, better, really, than any of my own, and he has a nice stackyard.

We thresh twice in the year, first in early November, just as soon as we are finished with the autumn work; this gives us good straw for feeding our out-lying cattle, straw which has something of the value of hay. The straw from the second threshing is dryer and less palatable, but of course fine for bedding. We cannot thresh all our stacks at once, because the corn is not hard and dry enough. So we have a second threshing about now.

It is a pale blue day with mist lying soft in Carradale Glen; but Rory's farm seems to shimmer through the golden stour of the threshing, the bright, floating chaff. There are one or two men and boys from each of the seven farms in the Glen; and there are the mill men, who are old friends and stay, most of the time, on the top of their shaking, rocking, unstreamlined mill, cutting the bindings and feeding in the sheaves that are tossed up to them. Lachlan is doing that from a trailer when I come up pretending that I'm looking for a job but quite well aware that, as always, there are more people than are really needed, which makes the work go lightly and nicely, with time for talk and laughing.

We ourselves work it so that the mill comes right into the stackyard, but that isn't always possible. Here at Auchanfraoch the stacks are round at the back, and must be loaded onto trailers to take them to the mill, which is on one of the few pieces of hard and level ground and close to the stone-built barn where the straw is being piled in. Everyone wears blue overalls over a jersey or an old jacket, except for one of the MacKinnons, who works in his shirt sleeves and looks like a poster about agriculture. It's hot work, even in this weather, tossing the bales of straw up from the ground into the high opening of the barn, but no bother to a MacKinnon of Auchnasavil.

Dunkie and Johnnie from Kilmichael are there of course. I would be well content if, at Dunkie's age, I could smilingly pick up a full sack of corn and trot with it on my shoulders. But doubtless Dunkie will still be doing it just as easily ten years from now. 'Grand weather for the mill!' he says. The young Semple of Dippen is there, the same who, at six, managed to start his father's tractor and drive it quite a way before he was caught. I ask him if he isn't thinking of going to the Agricultural College, but he seems to think it would be a waste of time. 'The hours are too short,' he says. And every moment away from actual farming is, for him, a waste of time.

Inside the barn the straw is being piled and trampled, to get it all in. Eddie is there, and Jimmie Strang from Auchnabreck, which is at the farthest limit for postie or the vans. By the end of the day the big barn is full, but it will all be used before the early bite comes on the hills. The corn trickles evenly into the sacks, plenty of big corn and not too much of the seconds. As each bag is filled the shutter is flicked to and another opened over an empty bag. Someone lifts the full bag and carries it across the yard to empty onto a golden pyramid. This interests Geordie, the pet lamb, who is now a large and respectable sheep. He keeps dodging in for a bite and nobody really minds. 'Ay, he's wise!' we say. On a day like this we can spare a mouthful or two for any comers. There are cups of tea going, too, and Mrs Beaton is getting stuff from the van for a grand high tea. You'll need two good meals in the day at the threshing!

When the weather is good there's nothing we like more than the threshing. It is skilled and varied and has something to show for it. Above all it is done with other people in an atmosphere of friendliness. I suppose it has certain of the qualities which made some people enjoy the wars. What is very disconcerting is that so little work has this quality. Harvest, of course, has it too, and so has fishing when there is a fairly small crew, all skilled and all with a direct, personal interest in the job. Peat-cutting, house building and such jobs used to have it.

But every modern political, economic and cultural trend is against it. The instrument of production which produces it, like the reaper-binder or the ring-net boat, is out of date. The same work can be done much more efficiently and using much less labour, both in the sense of muscular exertion and man-hours. All right, so what? Tell me what better thing Lachlan and Eddie, Rory and Johnnie and the rest would be doing? Going to lectures? Sitting easily on their backsides looking at the telly? Are they going to do anything which will use their capabilities and sensitivities more fully than in a day at the threshing? If they were more efficiently geared into fully productive modern industry, at which they would make more money, would that be what they would want? I doubt it.

Probably these small farms are out of date from the standpoint of modern efficiency, though less out of date than crofts. They sop up a great deal of the tax-payers' money in grants and subsidies, which means that the meat and eggs they produce (the oats are almost entirely for feed nowadays) may be dearer in a certain sense than imported meat and eggs. What is the alternative? Forestry? Or is timber going to be out of date too before it is mature? Or just being part of a national park, a place for tired city tourists and factory workers to gaze at and rest in? If that is so, do we all become tourist fodder, put on kilts and start learning the pipes? Or do we just go off to the cities, to efficient, unpleasant and comparatively well-paid factory work visiting the country only for holidays?

It seems to me doubtful if the Labour Party has thought about all this, at any rate since the time of William Morris, who would have liked the threshing team – as soon as he realised that they were well fed, well clothed and not overworked. If I am the one to speak about it, some kind of bogus quality is assumed. What is it? I don't think it is bogus that I should assume that I am part of the threshing team. I have done a man's work on it in my time, and some years I have been at the kitchen stove making the dinner. But nobody wants me to be exactly the same. They would rather I was a bit different, but doing this funny job of writing about them. I get teased about it – I'm to be sure to put in this or that! But it is something they want me to do. It is part of the worth-while quality of this bit of teamwork. A typewriter is as genuine an instrument of production as a hay fork or a threshing mill. A different skill is needed, but not as different as you might think.

So, if the bogus quality which might have come in with me is ruled out, it remains that the Labour Party and others must take note of the threshing team and all that it implies.

NAOMI MITCHISON

The Arts and Entertainment

A Dialectical Masterpiece

IN May 1940 the centre of Rotterdam – including, among many other buildings, 25,000 homes – was bombed to rubble. It was the second European city to be a victim of the German policy of extermination bombing; Warsaw was the first.

On the waterfront of the new city there now stands Zadkine's monument to the ordeal of the old city. It is a reminder of which the citizens of Rotterdam are almost unanimously proud. It is a memorial which can shame those Germans capable of admitting shame. It is an inspiration in the struggle for progress and peace. And quite apart from this, it is – in my opinion at least – the best modern war monument in Europe.

You can only see it properly by walking round it on foot. It stands by itself, well away from any road or large building, overlooking the harbour. Although near the centre, this is one of the few quiet, still places in the modern city. You walk round the plain granite block on which the figure, cast in dark bronze, simultaneously stands, dies and advances. The scale is big. Two or three large gulls can perch on the hand that appears to be flattened against the surface of the sky. Between the outstretched arms the clouds move. A ship's siren sounds on the other side of the water, and you think of the largest anchor, but buckled, and trailing not over the sea bed but over those moving clouds. At night it is different. It becomes a silhouette, less symbolic and more human. Shadows, which are half the visual language of sculpture, are obliterated. Only the gesture therefore remains. A man stands, arms raised to hold off an invisible load between him and the stars. Then in the early morning you see again the lime of the gulls and the dead fixed texture of the massively cast bronze in contrast with the bright, crinkling surface of the water. Thus the sculpture changes with the time of day. It is not a passive figure with a corrugated cloak waiting to be benighted, lit up, scorched and snowed upon until it becomes no more than the unmeltable core of a snowman. Its function and not just its appearance depends upon the hours. It engages time. And the reason for this is that its whole conception as a work of art is based on an awareness of development and change.

But first let me admit that there is one very weak passage in this work: the tree stump by the side of the figure. An upright form is necessary there to support the figure, but both the shape

how can a man see the years ahead?

How, indeed? Or even choose a career until he has some practical experience of what it involves. How can a man say with certainty "This is for me" until he knows what it is all about?

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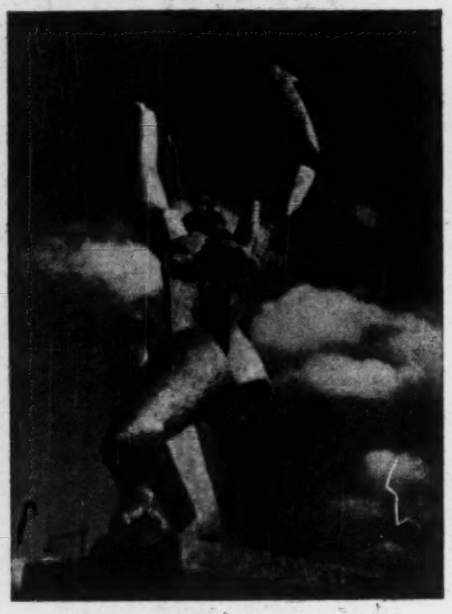
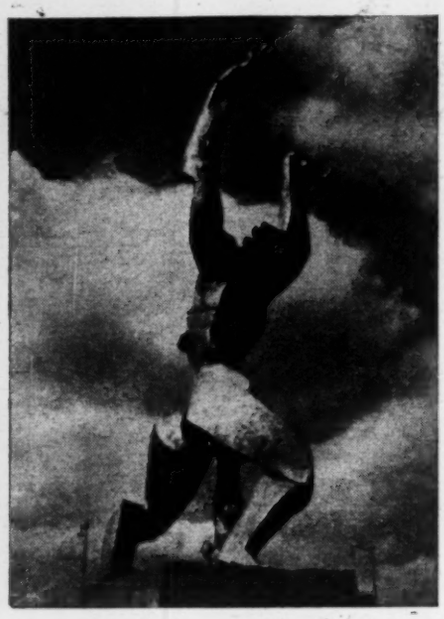
and the associations of a tree stump are quite unsuitable: like a potato by the side of a crystal. However, it is almost possible to ignore this. It is not part of the figure and it is not part of the work's true image.

What is the meaning of this image? Or, rather, what are the meanings? – for it is the fact that this work has simultaneous meanings that allows it to express development and change so well. The figure represents the city. And the first dominant theme is that of the city being ravaged, razed. The hands and the head cry out against the sky from which the man-aimed bombs fall. I say man-aimed because this makes the anguish sharper and fiercer than that of an Old Testament prophet crying out against the wrath of his god, and this extra anguish partly explains, I think, the violence of the distortions in modern tragic works like this. The torso of the man is ripped open and his heart destroyed. The wound is not portrayed in terms of flesh. The man represents a city, and the sculpture is of bronze and so the wound, which in fact is a hole right through the body, is seen in terms of the twisted metal of the burnt-out shell of a building. The legs give at the knees. The whole figure is about to fall.





The second theme is very different. This is also a figure of aspiration and advance. The heart is ripped out, but the arms and hands are not only held high in anguish and a vain attempt to hold off, they also raise and lift. The legs not only give at the knees, they also bend because they are steady. And from every direction as you walk round this figure, the step appears to be forwards. The figure has no back – and so cannot retreat. It advances in every direction (and do not think I am now talking metaphorically; I am being quite literal as can be seen from these two photographs). On the site of the old city a new one was to be built. One week after the German attack, plans were made to rebuild Rotterdam after the Germans were eventually driven out. And so the curses also become a rallying cry.

How does the work achieve this duality? Not by philosophic dualism, not by separating the spiritual from the physical – as in certain crucifixions where the body of Christ is tortured and the expression of his face peaceful and triumphant. This is a work which is uncompromisingly physical and the basis of its double meaning is a material one. First, the statue has an existence and logic of its own. It is not imitative. It is a piece of bronze demonstrating something and it does not disguise the fact that it is a piece of bronze: its forms are metallic in both shape and tension. This allows it to express the content of one moment – the moment of dying or the moment of resurrection – whilst not being exclusively committed to that moment; it also clearly remains a piece of bronze on the waterfront at Rotterdam in 1959. Thus its formalisations become the equivalent of a historical perspective: they do more than generalise, they allow for change. Yet by itself this is a dangerous principle to work upon because it can lead to that kind of abstraction which 'contains' any meaning because it actually has none. Formalisations governed by the material of the work in question must always be modified and checked by observation of the reality of the subject. And this is the second way in which the basis of the double meaning of this work is a material one. It is not by magic that Zadkine has modelled a figure which simultaneously advances and collapses; it is by learning from the methods of Cubism. He now knows what is constant in all the ways in which a body can move and retain its balance. He can sense the points of physical coincidence between a man falling and a man going forwards. (Who has not mistaken laughter for weeping, a gesture of affection for one of attack?)

And so having established these points and the precise relationship between them – round the wrists, at the pit of the neck, under the shoulders, along the thighs, near the knees – he constructs the form of each limb to suggest, given those fixed points, all its possibilities of movement. The figure becomes like a dance which does not need time to unfold. The dancer's movements have been made simultaneous, but within itself each movement obeys its natural law.

Naturally the way Zadkine actually worked was not as cerebral as I have made it seem; nor is the impact of the sculpture half as involved. It is a popular work, accepted by the citizens of Rotterdam, because its dialectic is a very human one. Unlike most memorials, it is neither gruesome nor patronising. It does not try to turn defeat into victory, nor does it hide the truth by invoking Honour. It shows that different people can use the words defeat and victory to describe the same thing, whilst the reality which is actually suffered is something continuously developing and changing out of that apparent contradiction. And it shows this in terms of pain and effort. It stands on the edge of the land. And it is as if this figure has crossed the world and come through history to stand on the most advanced point to meet those who will soon arrive.

JOHN BERGER

The Sweet Smell

Miss Shelagh (*A Taste of Honey*, Wyndhams) Delaney has every reason to be grateful to the publicity boys who have done a wonderful job for her – for the short run, which is all that publicity boys have to worry about. How good a job they have done for her in the long run – or even in the medium run – remains to be seen. She might well, in the long run, have uneasy memories of the fate of Mr Colin Wilson, and it is quite certain that they have made it very hard for her when her second and third plays come along. Even in the medium run I wonder if the job has been really quite as good as it seems.

On the face of it it is all right. 'Everyone' – whoever 'everyone' may be – wants to know how good the Delaney play really is. And that may fill Wyndhams for a week or two. But 'everyone' may turn out to be a much smaller number (in terms of filling a medium-sized theatre) than the optimistic may hope. There is, in these things, a law of diminishing returns. 'Everyone' knows that her play is 'about' a tart, a black boy giving a white girl a baby, a queer. The whole contemporary lot, in short. And so 'everyone' will go expecting a play about tarting, queerness and miscegenation. But it won't take long to get around that the play isn't exactly 'about' any of these things; that we don't see Wolfenden women on the beat or Wolfenden boys on the game; that all the contemporary shock elements may be present, but that there's nothing very shocking to experience. And then the excitement may drop cruelly down.

If this should happen, it must be taken as one of the occupational hazards of the modern publicity racket. It is, perhaps the generous-hearted may say, a sign of grace that the public and the newspapermen – whichever of the two it is that makes news – are hungry for an idol who is something more than a pop-singer for a change. But, cooly considered, it is rather hard on Miss Delaney to have the role of an English Sagan wished on her. It is asking too much: she is not in that class. She may turn out to be in a higher class in the end – I am not prophesying. But she offers nothing on the level of Mlle Sagan's assured achievement, however you may choose to judge that. Nor again has she anything in the John Osborne category to offer. She has no distinctive voice, is not original or out of the common. Her play has two or three scenes which reflect the touchingness of the adolescent situation. The touchingness springs from the naivety and the immaturity; and since naivety and immaturity are two of the states to which at the moment we respond most readily, her play will make its appeal. Without all the ballyhoo, it might have made an impression on the discriminating in search of potential talent. The blaze of publicity may well do it active harm, for it must disappoint

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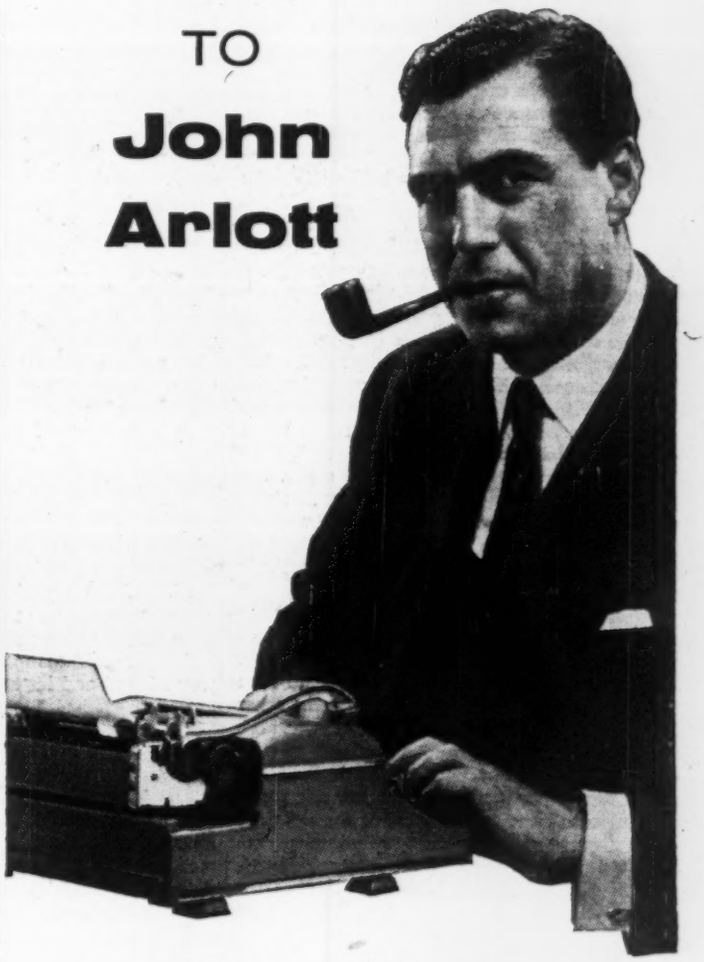

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both those who enjoy only achievement and those who are in search of sensation.

It is an interesting question how far the play would have gone had it not first come into Miss Joan Littlewood's hands. Miss Littlewood has given it the full Theatre Workshop treatment, and it is arguable that in doing this she has taken some of the innocent bloom off it. I feel that played perfectly straight it would have been just much too thin to hold the stage at all. And this applies particularly to the first half when Miss Littlewood has really gone to town. Miss Littlewood has a rooted dislike for realism and the whole naturalistic tradition. A Brechtian by inclination, she likes nothing more than to take a play out of its four walls and rattle it in the face of the audience to the accompaniment of music, song and dance if possible. Miss Delaney's script gives a very minimum of opportunity for this, but Miss Littlewood is much too clever to be deterred by that. With the help of a very good non-naturalistic set from John Bury, a really warm brassy music-hall personality in Miss Avis Bunnage who plays the tart-mother, and a jazz trio placed in one of the boxes, she lifts that first part out of its naturalistic mode on to a plane where it vibrates with a rather different kind of life, an eminently theatrical but still a wholly unrealistic life.

And in doing that she is, I think, adjudging the script fairly. This would not stand up as a slice of life. But as a gush of warm adolescent feeling, it has its appeal. It has not on the one hand been faked by literary considerations nor on the other shaped by any dramatic skill. Miss Littlewood has done the shaping and made a good job of it in her own kind. The second half lends itself less readily to her treatment, and she has left pretty well untouched the scenes between the daughter (Frances Cuka) and the gentle young man who wants to play sister to her (acted with a really fine tact and sympathy by Mr Murray Melvin); and there are some moving little passages between these two waifs which reveal in Miss Delaney a talent for putting over a relationship with some subtlety and understanding. To complain of the mixture of style is, perhaps, bringing altogether too heavy guns to bear: for the fact is that this is a very slight, as it were improvised, piece. Go expecting more and you will very likely be disappointed. Go expecting very little, and you may well be delighted.

A Taste of Honey would, I think, have been better left at Stratford E., or, if moved, moved to somewhere like the Arts. Still, its transfer to the West End is something of a portent, and a portent worth, perhaps, a moment's thought. The research begun at the Royal Court – four years ago was it? – has finally been perfected. The English play can now break through the class barrier at will. That objective has been achieved. Now the question is, what is going to be done with the ability? Those who were young in the Thirties will remember much the same thing happening with prose writing. What a sense of liberation we felt when the 'proletarian' writers seemed to have burst through the class barrier of the sensitive novel! And, doubtless, young writers for the theatre now feel the same thing. It is an exhilarating sensation, but they had better make the most of it, for it is, as Wordsworth found and history shows, short-lived.

The problems on the far side of the barrier are just as acute and just as difficult to solve as they are on the near side. We must expect, naturally enough, a period – we are perhaps now going through it – of mere intoxication at the achievement. Plays will be accepted – even by TV – purely on their subject. 'Drawing room' in the initial stage directions will become a dirty word. The Royal Court will let slip through their mesh at least one good play discarded at a glance because one of the characters is a second cousin to a baronet; and the sheep-like managers, dropping all their past options like hot cakes, will be frantically searching for grimier and grimier *mises en scène*, more and more complicated permutations on the three bankers, Black, Tart and Queer.

Let us hope the period of intoxication will be short. For we don't want a violent reaction. This expansion of the theatrical horizon *is* wholly admirable. There are new territories to be charted, new fields of experience to be mapped. And, thanks largely to the Royal Court and George Devine, we have pushed into them. Now that we're there, let's do something with it. As a first step, I suggest, let's knock finally on the head the silly notion that it is the setting that makes a work contemporary. Consider this. Had the *Observer* competition been held in 1835, Georg Büchner's *Danton's Death* would not have been admissible as an entry by the rule that limited contestants to 'plays set in the present day'.

T. C. WORSLEY

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Pre-frontal Personality

THE more studio experience television performers have, the better they become. (I don't mean regular actors but interviewers, panellists, discussion-groupers, dons, psephologists, sporting commentators, experts on the Middle East, and the other odds-and-sods for whom television provides part-time careers.) Political parties are aware of this, and take pains to groom their spokesmen for the cameras. The idea is that the performer should appear as 'natural' as possible; and this may not be merely an ethically dubious trick, since, except for those rare, true naturals who are not nervous at all, self-consciousness does tend genuinely to diminish, and the performer's true personality to emerge, as his fears fade and he grows used to the lights and the movements about him.

Sound as the principle is, however, there are concomitant dangers. There is the obvious risk that politicians, or even dons, might come to be selected less on merit than on their TV potential. But this risk is less than old-fashioned anti-TV politicians suppose, since TV success depends even less than platform success on 'glamour', in the conventional sense: several of the most effective TV performers are no chocolate-box models.

The real danger is perhaps that, in some cases, TV experience may not so much reveal personality as change it – change it as drastically as the pre-frontal leucotomy whose blessings were expounded in one of the many recent programmes on mental sickness. Eamonn Andrews, whose skill and tact I have often praised, seems to be overworking, to be losing something of his pristine Irish freshness, to be turning instead – imperceptibly if you see him several times a week, but not, I suspect, if you compared a film of one of his early appearances with what he is now – into a too professionally slick charmer. But he is, essentially, so good and so likeable that this could be corrected if the BBC's demands on him were eased. Lady Barnett is still all right, but has also changed: more approachable, more (it seems) extravert, less of a *grande dame* and more of a star. Mr Harding has not changed because he had the toughest personality and the best-anchored principles of the lot; but he seems more resigned to the fatuity of the context in which these gifts are displayed, and his *Angst* – now and then agonisingly visible – is usually silent.

After the glossiness of the shows (*What's My Line?*, etc.) in which these reliable old pros are endemic, it is a welcome shock to encounter a natural natural. Such was Shelagh Delaney in *Success Story*: she answered Dan Farson's questions (repetitive and below his usual high standard) with Lancashire aplomb and with cool ingratitude to her fan John Osborne, whose *Look Back in Anger* she described as 'bloody awful, as a whole'. Such, too, in the best *Monitor* for some time, were Miss Delaney's midwives, Miss Littlewood and Mr Raffles of Theatre Workshop with the stupendous publicity for her *A Taste of Honey* and for the Behan plays, they are at last enjoying, if that's the word, worldly success undreamed of by those who followed them faithfully through their lean decade; but they are still new enough to TV to have put up an unspoiled, alert response to Huw Wheldon's pointed catechism – Miss Littlewood as intense, tousled a mormoset as any Espresso teenagers' totem, Mr Raffles, a benign white manatee. Miss Littlewood's low, clear voice said just what she meant to say: 'I was a tramp for a bit – I'm a cockney, I wanted to hear the language of our country . . . I always say to the actors, "go to the streets, the parks, the cafés and pubs – we don't want art for art but art from life"'. Mr Wheldon perpetrated a monumental understatement: 'The people of Stratford [E15] are not all keen theatre-goers'. But more will be, after this.

There was an awful moment in ITV's *Sunday Break*: someone said something about giving up chocolates for Lent, and you could hear the

advertisers' pulses pounding. In the same programme a girl said: 'You journalists are all the same. . . .' As she was talking to an admittedly 'sensational' reporter from the *Daily Sketch*, this was a bit hard – and as silly as the general condemnation of adolescents of which she was complaining.

In the unspeakable *Dotto*, the quizmaster said: 'Which of these three has recently had a big success as a poet – John Gilpin, John Betjeman, or Augustus John?' The contestant: 'I'll try Augustus John'.

TOM DRIBERG

Aldermaston

NOT for the first time the Academy Cinema puts on a programme that will draw every true film-lover. Renoir's *La Grande Illusion* comes too late for me to review till next week; but with it, and deserving the double-bill in both theme and quality, is *March to Aldermaston*. It sustains the hopes we have had of it.

We? Myself, at the time, I felt the gesture lacked spontaneity, but I was, I suppose, glad that others less sceptical and younger felt otherwise. I looked forward to candid reporting, to Free Cinema excelling itself in a special job. The film makers, who freely and anonymously gave their services, have completed their work in nice time for the Easter return march; and the film should in itself bring recruits. It gives its message simply and strongly. We must all, unless diehards, agree that *some* action is needed, since it is useless in this matter to trust to politicians: if there's a war, we die anyway, bomb or no bomb (then why have it?): by forswearing it at the right moment, we might at least influence others. Let me emphasise that *March to Aldermaston* does not argue, does not weigh policies: it reports, encouragingly, a social protest, and seeks out individual elements. Its appeal – and quite rightly – is to the onlooker who wants to get the feeling of what it's all about.

So, in half an hour, we get the speeches in Trafalgar Square, the trail through the suburbs, the swelling march to the wire confines of the Atomic Weapons Research Establishment at Aldermaston. They carry banners ('Stop the H-Bomb', 'Oxford Contingent'); they eat sandwiches round the Albert Memorial; they follow jazz in the dusk, or sing old favourites; a woman pushes a pram; a marcher joins them from Northampton; then the rain comes down; there are halts, nights in improvised dormitories; by the wayside two men play chess, lovers smoke a cigarette, the inquiring mike goes round; a vicar in Reading rings his bells, but in disapproval; they near the end of their pilgrimage, amid divided crowds, in triumph. Passages of the film reinforce its message brilliantly but without display: for example, I shall never forget the shot from a graveyard with the marchers beyond and a grim ballad accompaniment to the guitar, 'I dreamt that the bomb had fallen. And a million people were dead', and the cross-cutting stills at the end to contrast the horror of Hiroshima with the live sea of faces in an Aldermaston field. In fact, this film recaptures the urgency of our war documentaries and has learnt more intimate appeals. I still think it a pity that it shouldn't have been rushed out at the time; because only by such repeated assaults will the average cinema audience ever be reached. However, here in time for the next gesture is its backing, splendidly and permanently realised.

Trivial, I'm afraid, are the other films. The Hecht-Hill-Lancaster penetration into England with *Separate Tables* (Leicester Square) takes a Rattigan play which gained its effects by stage-

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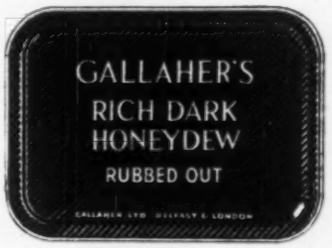

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craft and tries to mix it into one of those close-quarters films in which half a dozen plots are woven into one. Unfortunately here only a few of the threads come true; realism wars with trans-atlantic drama; character-acting makes a Bournemouth hotel quite unlike Bournemouth. The successful survivors of this star-gathering are David Niven as a bogus Major, Gladys Cooper as a dragon-mother, Wendy Hillier as hotel-keeper, and May Hallatt as a short-haired old toughie: the rest, despite Mr Rattigan's cunning, only have fat parts to play. The moral is that it is difficult enough to make films in England anyway, without being American.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Molière and Malleson

THINGS seem to be looking up at the Old Vic. But then after its prolonged running battle with Shakespeare in recent years, they could hardly look down. The Old Vic at the moment seems to be a company that can perform splendidly provided the strain is not too great; they do not bear up well under the labour of Shakespearian interpretation and the weight of his poetry. But the latest productions of Molière's *Sganarelle* and *Tartuffe* have a polish and style that recall the Good Old Days when the Old Vic was still one of the major forces in English drama, not just one of the ruins Benthall knocked about a bit.

Part at least of the present inspiration comes from Mr Miles Malleson. Both his brilliant free translations of the plays and his performance in *Sganarelle* have a vigour and subtlety that seem contagious. I have never seen him act better than as this domestic French Falstaff, whose honour is concerned not with war but with adultery. He bumbles, rages and fizzles out again with a magnificent ineffectuality, which gives genuine comic stature to a rather trivial farce.

The women support him with an equally stylish gusto that they carry over into *Tartuffe*. There, Miss Rosalind Atkinson, as Mme Pernelle, sweeps on and off autocratically and Miss Christine Finn, low cut to the point of improbability, is a pert and vivacious Dorinne. In fact, no one in *Tartuffe* lacks vigour or sense of the comic occasion. The pace, after an apparently poor first night, was, by the end of the week, excellently maintained. What was missing, however, was the kind of depth Mr Malleson gave Sganarelle. Mr Derek Francis's Tartuffe was a gluttonous, sly, bullying lecher, but he lacked altogether the intellectual, Iago-like quality that makes him something more than a conventional hypocrite. It was the same with Mr Gerald James as Organ, the dupe. He made him stupid and bigoted enough but gave no hint of the undercurrent of real mania in the man. Even the polished Miss Pauline Jameson, as Mme Organ, never quite managed to take the affair seriously; even when the bailiff was in she still smiled her flashing smile (Mr Norman Scace, the bailiff, was, incidentally, a fine combination of Ustinov and Bud Flanagan). This superficiality is a shame, for the director, Mr Douglas Seale, has had the brilliant idea of explaining Molière's lame happy ending by putting Louis XIV in the stage-box and playing the last few minutes smirkingly to him. Despite this, the potential tragedy of the piece evaporated in a kind of Stockbroker's-Tudor jollity. I couldn't help feeling that this *Tartuffe*, for all its style and liveliness, had more in common with *Quiet Wedding* than with any seventeenth-century drama.

A. ALVAREZ

Correspondence

SHALL WE HELP MR GAITSKELL?

SIR,—I agree with every word of and every stage in the argument advanced by the Misses Carter and Arrowsmith and Mr Randle, except their conclusion. The question is precisely as they stated. 'How can pressure best be brought to bear on the Labour Party policy makers? What form should the rebellion take?' Well, how do Mr Randall and his colleagues propose to set about it? By reorganising what they call the voters' veto; that is, by pressing sympathisers to refuse to vote wherever no advocate of unilateral disarmament is contesting a constituency (and conversely, I suppose, to vote for even a Moseleyite Blackshirt if he included this plank in his electoral address?).

I am convinced, in common with my colleagues on the executive of the National Campaign, that action of this kind, so far from advancing our cause, would set it back calamitously. Here are some reasons:

(1) The majority of Campaign supporters would, I believe, flatly refuse to disfranchise themselves on *all* electoral issues simply because bipartisanship had bereft them of the opportunity to vote on one; even though that one may be, as in my view it is, the most crucial. If that happens, the net result of the operation would be to have advertised in the most spectacular fashion not the true strength of anti-nuclear opinion but an apparent weakness.

(2) If that does *not* happen, if an appeal for a voters' veto should have even a marginal effect, it might suffice to put the Tories into office again, as Mr Randle readily admits, or reduce a Labour majority to the level of impotence where a severer party discipline would be supported instead of resented and the prospect of effective parliamentary insurgence reduced to vanishing-point in a climate of bitterest resentment which would permeate the entire movement.

(3) If Mr Randle's plan should succeed in presenting the Tories with a third term of office, then not only shall we be saddled for a further quinquennium with the kind of government that Mr Dale's letter so cogently arraigns; not only shall we have lost or delayed *sine die* many of the things Socialists and radicals set store by and to at least some of which the NEC is committed; not only shall we have lost the chance to avert in Africa those 'consequences, to Britain and the world', which we must surely agree with Mr Paul Johnson, 'would be catastrophic', but all this would have been brought about *plus* the certainty that, as far as the government were concerned, unilateral disarmament would be a dead duck for five long years. In that time a bomb could drop. Where is the sense of urgency? A Conservative government would be virtually immune from pressure on this issue, even though the Campaign includes, of course, a number of Conservative adherents for whose support it is as grateful as doubtless Mr Macmillan is for Mr Gaitskell's. A Labour government on the other hand would be depending on a parliamentary majority of whom 25 to 30 per cent are already sympathetic to our views; a percentage that may well be substantially increased in the next House.

(4) It is a romantic illusion to suppose that the loss of seats or of even a single seat through our intervention would bring Transport House docilely to heel. On the contrary we should have provided the executive with a god-sent scapegoat for their responsibility for failure; and the propaganda against us would thus be greatly fortified within the Labour movement by emotional resentment. If there is a low poll and a consequently low Labour vote, it will in fact be due to the apathy generated by bi-partisanship on such vital issues as this. But if through our folly it can be plausibly *ascribed* to our intervention, then we shall have thrown away a legitimate stick to beat our opponents *and* handed them one to beat us with.

(5) High-pressure lobbying and harrying of candidates at elections can be highly effectual; the overt threat, on the contrary, is a boomerang. If pressure reaches a point where a candidate can represent it as political blackmail, which he is bravely defying,

the contretemps will win him more votes than it loses.

(6) The object of agitation is legislation. Forms of agitation which delay this objective cannot be justified on the ground that our short-term consciences are having a good time. Decisive action must come in parliament. This means a full-scale insurrection of convinced MP's in the House of Commons. No such thing will happen before the general election. This is not because the potential insurgents are cowardly but because they know their chances of mustering full strength must be far greater after the election has been won; and if it were lost, their numbers would be still further swollen by those whom painful experience had at last convinced that bipartisanship doesn't pay. But these advantages would clearly *not* accrue if responsibility for electoral failure or inadequate success could be shifted to our shoulders. We should have made the position of disarmament MP's utterly impossible and no doubt would be the first to blame them for failing to make headway. The right to abstain from voting is unassailable. But if Labour Party members take concerted action to lose their party the election or even a single seat, that is a horse of a very different colour, and they, together with the Campaign, would find themselves not only assailed, which does not matter, but disabled.

BENN W. LEVY

66 Old Church Street, SW3

KENYA PRISONS

SIR,—Barbara Castle is quite right. We cannot ignore the pleas we have received from detainees in Kenya. Nor have allegations about ill-treatment come from the Africans.

Consider the case of Captain Ernest Law. After 25 years' unblemished service in the Army he took a job as a Chief Officer on the Kenya Prison Service. After he complained about the many cases of ill-treatment of African prisoners which he witnessed he was not allowed to remain in this job for long.

Four months after his appointment he was told that the report of a medical examination at the time of his recruitment had suddenly turned up. He was told that, as it showed that he had been unfit four months earlier, he would be given one month's notice.

After this he was unable to get a permanent job and gradually used up all his savings and sold his car. He was then advised by some European farmers in Kitale to go to the police in Nairobi and ask to be repatriated to the United Kingdom. The police took him before a District Commissioner, who was also a magistrate, but no charge was made against him, and without his knowledge an order was made under the Vagrancy Ordinance. He was escorted to the convicts compound of Kamiti Prison and locked up. He was given heavy work, under constant supervision, but never received any payment.

During the next five months he witnessed many cases of beatings and kickings of African prisoners.

In June, in desperation, he smuggled out a letter to Mr Lennox-Boyd, and within a fortnight was released and hustled on a plane to London. I applaud the action which Mr Lennox-Boyd took when he received the Captain's letter, but how can the Kenya authorities justify the imprisonment of this man for five months without trial? And, one may ask, how many others—African, Asian or European—are kept in Kenya prisons without just cause?

Captain Law has now made a statement on oath concerning the allegations, and he is not the only European witness. Several others have now come forward and made statements on oath. They make shocking reading.

I have sent copies of these statements to the Colonial Secretary. 184 Labour and Liberal Members of Parliament have signed a motion urging him to institute an independent inquiry into conditions in Kenya prisons and detention camps.

How long can he resist this demand?

JOHN STONEHOUSE

House of Commons

REVOLUTION IN THE VATICAN

SIR,—While your views on social and economic matters deserve serious consideration, I wish I could say the same of your theological opinions. First, as to infallibility. This doctrinal and essential belief, excluding all possibility of false doctrine by the Church on matters of Faith and Morals, is as old as the Church itself; so both Catholics and the Orthodox have always believed. Whether it is exercised by a General Council subject to ratification by the Pope, or whether it is exercised by the Pope himself (as was declared possible by the last Council of the Vatican), to call the papal claim a 'recent objection' by the Orthodox Church is incorrect. At the Council of Chalcedon (451) it was accepted under the acclamation 'Peter has spoken' (when the Pope defined the two natures of our Lord) and the Papal claim was also definitively averred in several later councils. Only after the final schism of 1054 was the Catholic claim systematically contested in the Greek Orthodox Church. To describe the objection as 'recent', unless the admission of the Council of Florence, 1439, was recent (in any event, a council soon repudiated by the Greeks) is insupportable by any standard.

Secondly, you aver that the doctrine of the Assumption is controversial—this also is an error as regards the Orthodox—the belief in the Assumption is to be found established in the sixth century throughout Catholic Christendom. Only the Protestants have disputed it—I fancy you have confused the belief with that of the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception which was in debate until 1854.

Thirdly, the 'legislative method' you think likely to find favour, was inherent in all general councils, including the Vatican one which preserved the rights of œcumenical councils subject to Papal confirmation, and added that the Pope, when speaking *ex cathedra*, could infallibly define Faith and Morals without a council in circumstances there defined. The autonomy of Bishops was also there recognised and defined, but owing to the prorogation of the Council never was able to receive papal approval. But the diocesan authority of Bishops is and always was inherent in the Catholic hierarchical system and is so held, some think to excess, in the Greek Orthodox Church.

Lastly, I am astonished that you should suggest that the doctrine of infallibility may 'in practice be pushed aside'. Were the Catholic Church to accept this pragmatic view that such decrees were restrained by political considerations as 'inopportune', they would be reasserting what the Council of 1870 expressly rejected, and reducing the *assistantia* of the Holy Spirit to an expediency.

Postbridge HENRY SLESSER
S. Devon

[(1) We did not state that Orthodox objections to Papal infallibility were recent. We wrote: 'What has really prevented reunion in recent times is the Papacy's claims not merely to primacy but to infallibility'—implying that other doctrinal and disciplinary differences were now of secondary importance. The Maronite Patriarchates were reunited with Rome in the 18th century, being allowed to retain divergent practices on condition they accepted Papal authority; the Orthodox Church has always refused to strike such a bargain, particularly since Papal infallibility was proclaimed as a dogma in 1870. Where claims to infallibility have not been an obstacle, however, the Orthodox Church has shown a keen interest in reunion. In 1920 the Holy Synod of Constantinople agreed on a statement of intercommunion with the Anglican Church and in 1923 pronounced in favour of the validity of Anglican orders. Both churches hold frequent exchanges at their conferences, despite the fact that they are divided by far more fundamental doctrinal disputes than those which separate Constantinople and Rome. From this we may assume that, were Orthodox objections to Papal claims to be met, reunion, or at any rate intercommunion, would swiftly follow.

(2) What is controversial about the Assumption is not the belief itself, but the late Pope's decision to dogmatise it. Several cardinals—notably the French members of the Sacred College—are known to have advised Pius XII against this step, regarding it as part of a trend towards Mariolatry which they found deeply repugnant.

(3) Sir Henry Slesser surely cannot deny that

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the summoning of an Oecumenical Council marks a return to de-centralised administration—a tradition which had been in decline since the Council of Trent, and definitely abandoned since the 1870 dogma. Though there is probably no question of a formal renunciation of claims to infallibility, the proposal to hold regular councils, at which Orthodox prelates will be present and will, in effect, wield a veto, indicates that the Pope, while reserving his rights, will no longer insist on his claims to infallibility.—ED., *NS*]

GRANADA SHARES

SIR,—Readers of your profile of Mr Sidney Bernstein may be puzzled to know why I should have been disturbed, in January, by a proposal to issue Deferred shares in Granada TV Ltd to Mr Bernstein and his brother, if this proposal was dropped, as well as mooted, last August. You would have given them a clearer picture had you explained that the dropping of the proposal was kept a very close secret until it was announced at the meeting of 30 January. As late as 6 January, a circular issued by the company strongly implied that the shares were still to go to the brothers. Had Mr Bernstein felt able at that stage to disclose his changed plans, there would have been no hullaballoo.

I was very sorry to read that Mr Bernstein felt 'humiliated' after the meeting. His critics were wholly delighted with the result; in fact, after he had announced the cancellation of the Deferred share proposal, he went on to score a great personal success with us all.

JONATHAN GUINNESS

12 Kensington Square, W8

NEPALESE ELECTIONS

SIR,—Critic's interesting account of his conversation with our King Mahendra aptly illustrates the king's diplomatic abilities. The elections which even in the words of Critic have been 'hedged so often' are, they say, going to be held this month; but I still keep my fingers crossed and hope that they will not be 'hedged' once again. I must add, moreover, that the time for the elections has been very astutely chosen by our diplomatic king: at the present the possibility of an overall majority seems remote, mainly owing to the innumerable independent candidates (more than half of the 800-odd candidates contesting the 109 constituencies are independents) who are prepared to fight the elections.

My main objection to the article, however, is with the description of the two leading parties in Nepal, the Gurkha party and the Nepalese Congress, as 'the thinly veiled (Rana) party' and 'the democrats' respectively. I submit first that the so-called 'democrats' failed to bring in any form of democracy, if they ever tried, when they were in power (Critic himself seems to admit this when he describes our king as 'the sole ruler'), and secondly that the President of the Nepalese Congress, and also the head of the present Council, is a Rana. Lastly, and perhaps this is the most telling fact, the President of and easily the most influential man in the so-called 'Rana party' is R. D. Subba, a man of purely 'Gurkha' extraction and with no family connections with the Ranas.

In a less serious vein may I point out how unreasonable Critic's hostility towards 'the walls around the Rana palaces' is? Even with the walls intact there have been many instances of 'breaking and entering' into the Rana palaces and one of the 'so democratic' Ranas who sportingly pulled down his own walls (to show that he is one of the 'democrats', by the way, and not to enable the citizens of Nepal to enjoy the view of the natural beauties of their country) is now in the process of rebuilding them. Moreover, as a true Nepalese and Oxfordian I feel that a part of beauty of Oxford is in its massive College walls, and I cannot see why Critic cannot view the walls of Katmandu in the same spirit.

S. S. Rana

Worcester College
Oxford

The Assistant

BERNARD MALAMUD

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EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE

BIOLOGICAL WAR

SIR,—If Dr McClean is really as well informed as he suggests (*NS*, 14 February 1959) about the relative importance of the different types of work done at the Micro-biological Research Establishment at Porton, and the government's motives for setting it up, there must have been serious breaches in official secrecy. It seems more probable that he is calling on his imagination to help along a little job of whitewashing. For as long as the place is shrouded in secrecy we are entitled to go on being suspicious and hostile.

Hostility towards the whole dirty business of germ warfare should not, however, lead to a general condemnation of scientific work and scientists. It is a pity that they work at Porton just as it is a pity that men lay concrete at rocket bases; but the fault lies with the community that allows these jobs to be more attractive than socially useful ones. Though some scientists may have gone to Porton simply for the money, others have been seduced more subtly by the excellent equipment and facilities offered there. The answer is to ensure that equally good conditions are offered in institutes whose aim is to feed people and prevent or cure their normal diseases.

N. W. PIRIE

Harpenden
Hertfordshire

FAIZ AHMED FAIZ

SIR,—Friends of Asian culture will be grateful to Critic for drawing attention to the arrest and imprisonment without trial of Faiz Ahmed Faiz, who may properly be called the nearest successor to Iqbal as the great national poet of Pakistan. The arrest is the more deplorable as Faiz has already spent four years in a variety of jails as one of the accused in the Rawalpindi Conspiracy Case of 1951, a notoriously irregular and unsatisfactory trial.

Literature and life are closer together in modern Asia than in the west. Faiz, who was at one time lecturer in English in the Punjab University and a Lieutenant Colonel in the public relations section of the Indian Army (he was given the MBE for his war service), is one of a number of literary men who have helped the trade union movement in Pakistan. He has also been the editor of the leading Pakistan daily, the *Pakistan Times*. But it is above all as a poet of rare sensitivity that he is best known—and far beyond the borders of Pakistan.

I am writing as an old friend of Faiz, and as the only translator (so far as I know) of any of his poems into English, to invite individuals and organizations interested in his case to appeal to the Pakistan Government through the High Commissioner for his release. Alternatively, such appeals may be sent to me and they will be duly forwarded to the Pakistan government.

V. G. KIERNEN

27 Nelson Street
Edinburgh, 3

WORK IN PROGRESS

SIR,—I am a very clever writer. All the critics agree. But I can barely scrape a living with my pen.

I want to write a novel about a woman with a sexual passion for boys. It is a subject that interests me very much, and I know a lot about it. But if I treat it seriously, the book is bound to be tragic, introspective—and unsuccessful, like my autobiography. How can I make this one sell?

I know. I'll treat the subject humorously. When my heroine, after infinite trouble, is about to seduce the boy, I'll turn the tables. The boy will seduce her, saying, in bored tones, that this is no new experience for him. He'll tell her that fornication and lesbianism are the done thing among all his mates. (If that is not true now, it soon will be, after the teenagers have read my book.) Then I'll give a detailed description of the course of this love affair, remembering to make my heroine cast lecherous eyes on other boys now and then, to show that hers is not just an irresistible fixation on one particular child (that would be tragic). Finally, when readers are beginning to get bored, I'll introduce a different kind of pervert, sketch in his vices, and end my novel with a long drawn out, bloody, funny, sadistic murder.

Of course, my heroine will go mad in the end, to appease the critics, and I'll put in plenty of Freud, and Kultur in three languages. It'll be great fun to write, and I shall make lots and lots of lovely Lolly.

A. D. PETERS

10 Buckingham Street
WC2

DOMINICAN CONFUSION

SIR,—I wonder how many readers caught your inadvertent substitution of Dominica for the Dominican Republic as the site of one of Latin America's three remaining military dictatorships. ('The Latin American Awakening,' 24 January 1959). This is an error more commonly made by Americans, for Dominica is a British dependency of 65,000 people, one of the ten units in the new federation of the West Indies.

DAVID LOWENTHAL

American Geographical Society

GILDING THE PILL

SIR,—The phrase to which your TV critic objects so strongly is not a mixed metaphor at all: the process of gilding pills was introduced by the Persian physician Avicenna, born in A.D. 937. He believed that gold was of medicinal value, and the increase in palatability was a minor consideration. In common use, the phrase assumed its present meaning, and no doubt would still be popular had not sugar coating displaced gold and silver pills from the pharmacopœia.

ANTHONY J. SMITH

The London Hospital Gazette

The Comprehensive School

The most urgent problem in British education is the provision of adequate school accommodation and enough high-grade teachers. The controversy on that is confined to the degree of priority that should be given to it: shall we spend more money or less, quicker or slower? But decisions on these practical problems of planning are undoubtedly inhibited by the real controversy which exists over the organising of secondary education, and particularly over the Comprehensive school: is it right to segregate children by competitive examination at 11-plus? If not, what is the alternative? Is it true that the Comprehensive method must involve a lowering of sixth-form standards by comparison with the Grammar schools? And is the school of 1,500 or 2,000 children (which is designed to meet that difficulty) bound to lead to remoteness of control and lack of esprit de corps? *Hitherto the argument about the Comprehensive has inevitably been largely theoretical. Now, however, enough Comprehensive schools have been running for sufficient time to make possible judgments which are based on practical experience*

Each of the articles which follows is written by a head teacher who is impatient of the theory and anxious to bring the argument down to cases.

Against the Comprehensive

The author of this article is Head Master of Watford Grammar School in Hertfordshire.

EVENTS in Newcastle and in Middlesex have forced upon us more urgently than ever the problem of the Comprehensive school, and teachers are at last realising that they do not even have to wait for a general election for their fate to be decided. Labour-controlled councils are deciding it now. The Comprehensive principle has a natural appeal to normal generous-minded Socialists, because it appears to offer a genuine equality of opportunity to all children within the state system. At the same time it will, they think, make possible the abolition of the 11-plus examination. It does not, however, appeal to a great many teachers. One of the teachers' unions whose members are most closely concerned is wholeheartedly opposed to it.

This is not simply because teachers are reactionary: many Labour supporters are anti-Comprehensive. But they do know the facts of the situation better than most outsiders. They know, for instance, that the only place where the 11-plus can safely be abolished is in an area where buildings can be or have been built which are big enough to house a school of at least 2,000 children, and where there is no kind of Grammar school for which children can compete for entrance. In all other areas, however, where there are widely dispersed buildings occupied by Modern, Technical or Grammar schools, each with specialist staff and equipment suited to its aims, selection by examination at 11-plus cannot safely be abolished. To do so would mean the uprooting of the whole education system of the area. Such an uprooting is sometimes called the introduction of the Comprehensive principle, and consists in turning each separate building into a small Comprehensive school, accepting each year, with its annual intake of about 100 children, only 20 who at that moment would be suitable for Grammar school education. If this system were imposed (and there are already areas where it is threatened) the efficiency of the schools would be disastrously affected.

It follows that selection of some kind between the primary and secondary stage cannot safely be abandoned except in rare circumstances. But unfortunately all political parties have discovered a convenient whipping boy in the 11-plus examination; and they are often led on to argue that selection for secondary education can be made solely on the recommendations of the heads of Primary schools. No one explains what happens when the heads recommend twice the number of children for Grammar schools as there are places available; no one explains how the Local Authority deals with the children from independent preparatory schools (from which an increasing number of children are entering the state system after they have sat the 11-plus); no one explains what happens when one Primary head is notoriously pessimistic about the chances of her charges, while another is wildly hopeful.

When it is admitted then that heads' recommendations alone are insufficient, various suggestions are proposed to modify the present selection procedure; but to work efficiently they must all include some form of examination. Kent, for instance, was one of the first authorities to 'abolish the 11-plus exam'. But Kent children have to take an exam each year of their junior school career. It is all too seldom realised that the aim of a selection examination is not only to choose a minority for Grammar school education, but to make sure that the child of average ability is not subjected to the type of schooling for which he or she is unsuited. Nothing, in fact, can replace, as one element in the selection procedure a short series of examinations, preferably taken during the final Primary school year.

Nobody suggests that all is well even with this procedure. Mistakes are made in a few cases because children develop at different speeds at different ages. To minimise injustices much more attention needs to be paid to easing the transfer (which already takes place in all areas) between one type of secondary school and another, this can be done by co-ordinating courses in the separate schools for children of borderline ability; and above all we need to raise the quality and standards of all Modern schools to the heights already achieved by many. Significantly, it is in the areas where the public is content with the existing system of separate schools, where there is no clamour for abolishing the 11-plus or for Comprehensive schools, that one finds Modern schools with high morale and with standards which match those of good Grammar or Technical schools.

Some Socialists, however, more interested in sociology than education, feel that what is objectionable in the Grammar schools is the way they take a boy from a working-class home and educate him up to university standard, so that he qualifies for a white-collar job, goes and lives in the outer suburbs and then votes Tory. But can anything prevent the really efficient Comprehensive school giving the working-class boy exactly that chance? Boys and girls tend to form themselves, like their parents, into sympathetic groups; and those whose interests go little further than jiving and new clothes won't be found having coffee or going off on foreign holidays with the ones whose interests extend to Neilsen and Camus. The fact is that the problem of social integration in a meritocracy such as ours is much too big and too difficult to be solved by the imposition of Comprehensive schools.

Moreover, the imposition of the Comprehensive school and the abolition of the selection examination can be shown to exacerbate another social problem – the deplorable division between the state and the independent schools. The present system, with its examination, gives the state Primary schools in any area a common standard to work for. Abandon the examination and, while some Primary schools will continue as before, many will not. Many of the good children, whose parents would have been well satisfied with both Primary and Secondary education provided by the state, will be diverted from the crippled state system into the independent schools.

No wonder the abolition of a selection exam and the establishment of Comprehensive schools is looked upon with indifference or even with favour by many whose principal experience has been limited to the independent schools. What the maintained schools lose, the independent ones will surely gain. Not only will they begin to be besieged by more and more keen children of keen parents, but they will also receive an increasing number of applications for jobs from good graduate teachers. Alas the shift has already begun in some areas. Here, then, is the second social consequence of Labour policy; but it seems strange and sad that Labour should so directly favour the independent system to the detriment of the state schools, widening again the gap which the maintained Grammar schools in particular were beginning successfully and proudly to bridge.

Reports from the existing comprehensive schools themselves are by no means wholly favourable, unless of course they come from the heads, who can be excused for being enthusiastic. The tendency of the heads of Comprehensive schools is, perhaps understandably, to claim for their schools activities and advantages such as are found in any good school.

But disregarding the optimistic heads' reports, there are some disturbing facts, not easy to verify but passed along the professional grape-vine. The staff turnover at Comprehensive schools is often unhealthily high, even when the head is recognised as good. It is said that, while the pillars of the staff (who are drawing the big allowances) are enthusiasts still, there is a noticeable lack of enthusiasm among the young teachers. In one school, for instance, where there are over 2,000 children, all the games and matches had to be run exclusively by the four gym staff, no one else being prepared to give time to help. This poor spirit must be very difficult to eradicate in an enormous staff. Again, if a teacher feels that the teaching of his subject is of prime importance, conditions in the big comprehensive school are not conducive to enthusiasm. Hours are wasted each week in administrative, non-teaching duties such as special staff meetings, frequent house meetings, tutorial group meetings – even the time taken to move about the building is long enough to be resented. It is impossible for the whole staff to be welded into one compact group when there are over a hundred of them, and the head tends to be a distant figure, approachable only through a third person.

From the children's point of view mere size

seems less worrying than many suppose; and, most commendably, great trouble is taken in big Comprehensive schools to see that individuals are made to feel that they belong. But there is one disadvantage which seems to be insurmountable in the Comprehensive school: in the upper reaches of the school in particular, the responsible positions go to the academics; indeed throughout the school, it is the less intellectual who are forced out of the limelight and who fail to benefit from much which the school can offer. In this connection it is worth quoting from a teacher who has been for 12 years in an established Comprehensive school:

> All our prefects have come from the academic streams . . . that is true also of house captains . . . as do the majority of the teams. . . . Violin classes, and consequently the orchestra, are attended mainly by academic children. The choirs contain few non-academics; although great efforts are made to include them in plays (as in all school and house activities), it is rare for even one to be willing to take a part. I have also taught in a Secondary Modern school and recognise in my present school many who, in a different setting, would have been responsible and successful leaders. It is not the attack on the Grammar school which can do most harm, but the abolition of the Modern school.

These facts should not be surprising, but they should give pause to those who champion the average child. In a Modern school, the child who works for and achieves, for instance, his three or four O-level subjects gets an immense stimulus from the glory and honour he knows he will receive. In the Comprehensive schools, for the average child this stimulus is removed: he knows that those who win the applause are achieving results far beyond his reach. What is the point of his making an all-out effort to achieve distinctions which seem paltry when compared with the glittering and publicly acclaimed successes of his contemporaries.

Is this the desired effect of closing down the Modern schools? Too little is known about the amazing progress made by the Modern schools in the past ten years. All over the country they are increasingly becoming communities with a genuine sense of purpose; where young people of normal ability strive on an equal basis for excellence in a wide variety of fields; where skilled and enthusiastic teachers, who know what they are aiming at, train children to do what they want to do and to do it well. It is not surprising that much of the opposition to the Labour education policy comes from the staffs of good secondary Modern schools.

In killing the Modern school, the Labour Party hopes to preserve the Grammar school idea within the Comprehensive school. Mr Gaitskell, after all, has spoken of 'Grammar school education for all'. But is that desirable? It may well result in extending Grammar school subjects to large numbers of children who loathe them because they cannot understand or succeed in them; while there can be little doubt that the Grammar school experience in a Comprehensive school is almost bound to be watered down, when compared with the normal concentrated spirit which has taken years to mature. Much of the actual Grammar school work will be done at a slower pace and for fewer periods per week, in order to allow for the common curriculum to operate during the first years at the Comprehensive school.

Perhaps these last few paragraphs sound depressingly full of teachers' jargon. But our case is a professional case; and, if we are to be heard, our listeners must try to understand our vocabulary. So far it seems that the Labour Party has not been prepared to do this. But the whole future of our schools is at stake. It is time that Labour got in touch with the men on the job.

HARRY RÉE

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MAX BEBERMAN

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The True Purpose

The author of this article is Head Mistress of Woodberry Down Comprehensive School in north London.

NEARLY two years ago a well-known BBC commentator visited Woodberry Down after spending some time with a Grammar school headmaster who is known to be critical of the Comprehensive school. After some hours of observation and discussion he expressed surprise at what he had seen and heard. The school was quiet and orderly; children were working; we knew what we were about. During the same year we had many visitors—education officers, county councillors, members of parliament, Jesuits-in-training, reporters, teachers from home and abroad. Without exception all of them indicated—I quote the most frequently used expression—they 'had no idea it was like this'.

Why has the general public such a distorted picture of the Comprehensive school? During the last nine years when I have been working in Comprehensive schools I have accepted many invitations to speak at public meetings where opportunities have arisen for views against our system of education to be expressed. These criticisms have not varied with the years: size, chaos, teachers will not mix, children will not mix, parents will not mix, the most able will be neglected, the least able will suffer, schools will be sausage machines, there will be no room for the individual, leadership will go only to the academic seniors. Sometimes I have had the honour on these occasions to share the platform with a Grammar or Public school headmaster who has levelled these charges—but never, unfortunately, with one who has been inside a Comprehensive school.

The Comprehensive school exists to develop a new conception of secondary education based on a positive moral philosophy—that it is right for all children (or at any rate a full cross-section) who will be the next generation's adult society to spend their adolescent years together; that it is right for their education to be concerned not only with the brain, important though that is, but with the mind and character, the body, the spirit, the standards of judgment—both personal and to the community; that it is right for the individual to have the means to grow to his full stature and yet to discipline himself as a member of the society in which he will live, with its obligations, its rights and limitations.

What can the head teacher of such a school aim at doing? She can hope to admit at a suitable age, established now at 11-plus, all the children in the neighbourhood, the area to be defined according to the size of the school; to accept all children with all their educational and social potential, with all their educational and social problems; to accept as readily the child from the undesirable home as the child from the cultured, co-operative family; to plan the internal organisation, the curriculum, the social life, so that each child leaves the school knowing the full measure of his abilities, talents and skills and the direction in which they lead; to encourage the growth of an environment where justice and equality are self evident, in which any child can learn to be a good mixer.

Nowhere, however, is there at the moment a Comprehensive school which is a complete neighbourhood school, with the possible exception of the Anglesey group. Of the many parents whose children receive a Grammar selection at 11-plus and, in areas where there are Comprehensive schools, exercise their right to apply for entry to a Grammar school, some prefer the traditional system until the newly established schools have proved themselves; others for reasons of social prejudice choose a school which excludes less fortunate children. In spite of the fact that nearly all Comprehensive schools are very young, with their intake still in the second, third, fourth and fifth years, we are constantly required to furnish for comparison examination results based on exams not yet taken, or taken by children with poor background after an abbreviated course. Our questioners must be patient. Little will be available for another three years and, when the whole story is published, we shall await the decision of parents with complete confidence.

Indeed, in some places the new schools have made such an impact on the neighbourhoods that more and more parents are selecting the Comprehensive school in preference to some local Grammar schools. In 1955, the year we opened, Woodberry Down did not fill all its 'Grammar' places; that is, it did not attract an intake reflecting the normal distribution of ability at 11-plus which is now the basis of its intake. In 1956 all places were filled, but half the able children accepted had been rejected by Grammar schools. In 1957 only half a dozen 'academic' places were filled by second-choice applicants. In 1958 more 'Grammar' children applied on first-choice application than an intake based on normal distribution justified; and among those accepted were some of the brightest boys and girls in London, who would have merited places in the most selective Grammar school.

The complete justification for its existence is impressed on everyone working in a functioning Comprehensive school by the presence there of 70 per cent. of its pupils—those boys and girls who would otherwise have been in Modern schools. Here there are buildings, laboratories, libraries, specialist rooms and equipment seldom before available to other than the children most valued by the nation—the selective classification. Here, too, are members of staff, the majority university graduates, others with relevant specialist qualifications and experience, working as a united team with a common purpose. Here is no multilateralism—no three schools in one

building: the Comprehensive school is a unity. This is an aspect of our organisation not only of vital importance educationally, socially and psychologically to every child, but to society as a whole.

At a recent Christian Action Conference, Mr L. Prys Williams talking on 'Teenagers' Problems' said:

> Consider first segregation in education. I make no comment about the 11-plus examination in its educational effects, nor about its validity as a means of separating the sheep from the goats. What I do say is that it does separate people. Failures in the 11-plus are a very real group. I see them passing my home every day and their behaviour is different from the behaviour of the others. . . . Youth that has failed the 11-plus is very conscious of failure.

Those of us who have taught in both Grammar schools and Modern schools, and all people living in large towns and industrial centres, know exactly what the speaker means – and the group he refers to constitutes approximately 70 per cent. of our child population: 70 per cent. of our children with a failure complex. Local conditions in some areas, particularly rural ones, good residential suburbs, an outstanding idealistic head teacher and staff, can give a slant away from the general direction; but the overall picture is of poor buildings, insufficient facilities and equipment, a disillusioned staff (and the worse the conditions, the more difficult to get teachers), parents anxious or apathetic, and head teachers battling against odds which sometimes become nearly overwhelming. Meanwhile, courts, probation officers, welfare workers, club leaders, politicians and the press seek the solution to the problem of the aimless, drifting teenagers who have lost, at 11 years of age, the sweet smell of success.

The Grammar school has, of course, contributed a vast amount to the educational system of this country in the last 50 years. But the contribution ought to be seen in perspective. The 'Grammar school' as a term includes all those highly selective ones which cream the locality, much to the detriment of their less esteemed neighbours, together with those, for instance, in South Wales, which take up to 30 per cent. of the population. But even if the Grammar school were educating an intellectual elite to fulfil the needs of industry and commerce as well as the universities and administration, even if no frustrated children were leaving the narrow courses too early, even if it were uncommon for pupils to acquire a false and inhibiting sense of superiority, even if too large a share of the valuable national asset of good teachers was not monopolised, even if we were prepared to accept the view that a small selected group of potential leaders should be trained in separation from those they are to lead, can society afford to pay the price for all this – if the system results in 70 per cent. of the nation's children believing they are failures?

In recent years, an awareness of the progressively dangerous situation and a stirring of the public conscience have led to some interesting developments. Many local authorities are planning to abolish or modify the selection procedure, to end the segregation of children at 11-plus and to find, in Mr Gaitskell's words, 'a way by which the doors of opportunity are held open for all children as they grow up and develop new capacities and interests'.

It would be presumptuous of anyone, except those vitally concerned locally, to attempt an assessment of the value of these new schemes at this stage, but all stress the intention of organising secondary education in the interest of the *whole* school age community – for no child is an island. There will, of course, be many changes for the teaching profession as well as for the pupils; but universal education in England is only 80 years old – surely there has to be more evolution before we have found the way to prepare all our children for the complex and changing world they are to inherit.

In February 1958, the Minister of Education told the House of Commons that there were 44 Comprehensive schools in England and Wales, and ten under construction. I can speak authoritively only of Woodberry Down, a school for boys and girls with a roll of 1,300 – rather smaller than a well-known Grammar school, rather larger than an even better-known Public school, both of which cater only for boys. Children admitted in the first year are well aware of their 11-plus selection; but expressions, 'Grammar', 'Central', 'Modern', are not used in the school, and the organisation is such that the terms have no validity. The large specialist staff makes 'setting' possible where it is needed, and children work at their own ability levels, progressing speedily at their good subjects and more slowly at those they find difficult. One curriculum applies to all during the first three diagnostic years, for which heads of subjects draw up their syllabi with enough common core to make transfer between 'sets' possible. Nearly a third of the timetable is arranged in mixed ability groups. After three years, a combination of very detailed records, the wishes of the parent and the child, housemasters' advice and a 'careers convention' decide the future course of studies in the senior part of the school.

Last year 230 pupils, 80 per cent. of the year's intake, completed a fifth year's course. This year in the sixth form are 45 pupils; 20 of these are preparing through advanced-level studies for entry to university or training college, the remainder for careers in industry, commerce, the civil service and the armed forces. None of these boys and girls in either year had obtained a Grammar selection at 11-plus, for our Comprehensive intake has only just reached the fourth year and the more senior pupils had transferred from Modern and Central schools only. Of the first Comprehensive intake, a number of children will be entering for some subjects in their O-level GCE in 1959 – that is at the end of four years – and many are aiming at university careers, not only in the arts, science and mathematics, but in technology, engineering and economics.

False reports always circulate about the new schools and most can be disregarded; but sometimes particularly unjust attacks need answering. Current now is the suggestion that the majority of staff in the new schools is apathetic, unenthusiastic and always on the move. Only a few holders of 'special responsibility allowances', it is implied, are working. I cannot speak for all schools, but these attacks seem most unworthy. Last year at Woodberry Down there were 32 clubs meeting outside school hours, between 4 p.m. and 6 p.m. and in the dinner hours. Between 6 p.m. and 8 p.m. on four evenings a week, house recreation centres were open. I do not know of a member of my staff of 80 who was not concerned in some capacity with this voluntary work. Of the men staff of 50, only two for domestic reasons did not volunteer to join the Saturday morning rota to supervise our Rugby, Soccer and athletics teams. Last year six continental journeys for more than 200 children were organised in the school holidays. Almost all staff meetings are held out of school hours. Very few teachers have left the school. We have our occasional difficulties, as every head teacher has in every school; but, comparing my experiences with those of my colleagues from other Comprehensive schools in all parts of Britain, I have no reason to believe that there is any fundamental difference between the attitude of their staff and mine.

The second attack has as its spearhead the welfare of the less able child, who, we are told, might shine in the Modern school but in the Comprehensive will be overshadowed by the more able sixth formers. Of course a certain type of leadership will always be exercised in any school by the oldest and ablest pupils; but of our 230 fifth formers last year, more than 70 per cent. were children who had transferred from Modern schools. When they came, they were determined to leave at 15. Most of them came with little interest in learning, no athletic records, no desire to join in the full and varied life of the school. Some were anti-social, embryo Teddy-boys and girls. Many stayed to become valuable members of the various sports teams. They joined commercial, technical and craft courses – and completed them; they took part in drama festivals; they ran clubs; they became prefects; they wore school uniforms and acquired the appearance and social behaviour we used to associate only with the Grammar school. They came on school journeys and progressed from the markets to the galleries of Florence. They climbed in Switzerland and camped in the snow at Keswick as they pursued the Duke of Edinburgh's awards. They became full members of our community.

Of any achievements our school may have had, this must rank as the one that shows the true purpose of its existence. This is at the heart of the comprehensive system – and it is this the apostles of tri-partitism and segregation cannot concede. There are not three different types of children – only children with different needs, who give of their best when they learn to trust the teachers who are leading them forward.

H. R. CHETWYND

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

Brave New World

HUXLEY'S *Brave New World,* published in 1931, infuriated H. G. Wells. It was a savage satire on his religion. The religion of progress through science has inspired the western world since the time more than 300 years ago, when men began to believe in a Utopia in which, redeemed from poverty, ignorance, superstition and the burden of original sin, they would be able to enjoy a rational happiness in a peaceful, unified world. Wells's *Modern Utopia* was only the last of a long series of books which carried this message of an earthly paradise through science instead of a heavenly salvation through the church. Wells had also written science fiction which (as he once told me when the bombs were dropping in 1940) he had never for a moment taken seriously. If there proved to be prophetic truth in fantasies like *The War of the Worlds, The First Men in the Moon* or *The Island of Dr Moreau,* that was no more than an accident.

Huxley stood Wells on his head. The horror and marvels of science fiction seemed to Huxley the probabilities; the happy Utopias were the fantasies. Wells assumed men would be happy when free; Huxley feared that they must become slaves in order to become happy. If they were free, they would starve, fight, and prey on each other. They had in them, if not original sin, at any rate unconscious drives that could not be controlled by reason. Fear, fraud and religion have held society together; cast them out, and we are left, not with freely co-operating individuals rationally seeking their own interest and finding it in one another's happiness, but with an anarchy which may drive them back into primitive cruelty and superstition. Mr Huxley has depicted a relapse into such a hideous voodooism in his *Ape and Essence.* Science, we now know, cannot make people happy by merely changing their environment or offering them cosmic opportunities; our problem involves the nature as well as the nurture of man.

In *The Shape of Things to Come,* Wells's last great feat of optimism, he saw the younger generation preferring to risk death by flying to the moon rather than accept any limits on knowledge. Science was to Wells an endless adventure. But Huxley suggests that men will want happiness, and that means stability. Plato banished poets from his Utopia; Huxley adds that scientists can be equally dangerous. Mustapha Mond, chief controller of his Brave New World, explains that science, having discovered enough to make a prosperous and stable world possible, must not be permitted, by new disturbing discoveries, to undo its own work. In the days of Our Ford (the god of the Brave New World) people used to imagine that knowledge was the highest good and beauty of supreme value, but such an idea could not survive the practical results of twentieth-century science. Mass-production demanded the shift. 'Universal happiness keeps the wheels turning; truth and beauty can't.' In the end war was decisive; if freedom, truth and beauty meant bombs, then happiness had the best of the argument.

In Huxley's fable happiness is stabilised. Born in a bottle and scientifically conditioned, everyone learns to be happy in the station of life in which it has pleased authority to call them. The end of pain and passion: minor discomforts are overcome by plentiful supplies of soma – a drug which, as Huxley now points out, he envisaged as both a sedative and a stimulant. The watchwords of this society are Community, Identity, Stability. To fall seriously in love instead of being conventionally promiscuous is to infringe the moral code. As long as the alpha-pluses, that is, the small *élite* permitted to use their minds freely, did not discover from the Bible, *Romeo and Juliet,* or elsewhere any of the higher satisfactions that depend on hard work and sacrifice, happiness would reign supreme and brutality would not be needed.

This was a pre-Hitler fable; it pictured a repulsive Utopia which might come about in six hundred years time. With the success of the Nazis, the insensate murder of six million Jews, and the horrifying sight of the German population apparently conditioned by force and propaganda in the short period of six years to accept a psychotic regime, the picture no longer seemed so academic. So rapid has the march of science been since then that progress has become a dirty word, and Orwell's scarifying picture, dated only 25 years from now, has seemed much closer than Huxley's. But Huxley himself, looking back over these 28 years of scientific progress*, believes that he was more right than Orwell because there are limits to government by torture but none, he fears, to government by propaganda.

How far, he asks, has the world since 1931 developed in the direction of his Brave New World? First, over-population and over-organisation – the two basic conditions that most favour totalitarian tyranny – have increased. Everyone, I think, will agree that a centralised authority trying to organise thousands of millions of people, either for their own good or for that of a few, is very unlikely to leave much scope for individuality or independence. Certainly, if the present tendency of the world to double its population in a couple of generations continues, physical well-being as well as individual liberty will be impossible. In his exceedingly able *World Without War* – almost the only serious defence of progress through science published in recent years – Professor Bernal shows that it is at least notionally possible, if there is no war and not much defence expenditure, and such a sudden reversion of policy in East and West that all our efforts are poured into production and scientifically applied to the rational use of all the sources of wealth everywhere in the world – then it is possible that an increasing number of people might be maintained at a higher standard than the people of most nations now enjoy. This carefully documented exercise in ingenuity does not hide the fact that the most urgent of all scientific needs at the moment is the discovery and distribution of a contraceptive pill to hundreds of thousands of Asian villages. Professor Bernal skates over the Malthusian menace, treating it as a capitalist disease instead of admitting that the pressure of population is always and all the time a limiting factor on human welfare. Less brilliant people, who are not inhibited by either Vatican or Peking doctrines about birth control, will agree with Huxley that if war (the first, but never, until now, an effective Malthusian 'check' on population) does not kill off a large part of mankind, dreams of a better society will remain dreams unless the present population graph changes abruptly.

Given over-population and over-organisation, the world's rulers, as Mr Huxley sees, will be increasingly compelled to make full use of the modern techniques of persuasion. Amongst them he includes a chapter on brain-washing which he treats as the application to humans of Pavlov's discoveries about conditioning dogs. There is a limit to the pain, misery and scientifically-planned bewilderments which the human animal, as well as the dog, can endure. Communist police, Mr Huxley points out, use psychological pressure much more than torture. Accounts of brain-washing in China make it clear that it is a potent factor in ironing out the rebellious or critical thoughts that must from time to time spring into the minds of Chinese intellectuals – not least those who have worked with the Communists in overthrowing the Kuomintang and founding a socialist society. This suppression of intellectual independence, in the arts and in philosophy as well as in politics, is profoundly disturbing to unprejudiced students of China. Those who still scoff at the dangers of the present Chinese drive against independent thought should read the official reports of the brain-washing of men like Fei Hsaio-tung and Chang Chih-yi's six thousand words on 'The ideological remoulding of intellectuals'.

But Huxley himself is a victim of propaganda. My information does not confirm either of his two footnotes about China. In one he suggests that normal sexual intercourse is in practice regulated by the state, and in the other that Pavlovian methods tend to create in the new communes 'a sense of profound and hopeless frustration'. The first appears to be a caricature of the present puritanical phase of Chinese communism, based on initial theorising about dormitory life in the Communes, and the second overlooks the spontaneous enthusiasm of many millions of Chinese peasants who now, for the first time, see a chance of building a better way of life. People who see how by their own efforts they may get two bowls of rice where they had one or none before, do not need any indoctrination. It is far too early to say whether the fanatical speed of the Chinese revolution will be maintained or whether Mao Tse-tung will avoid making the same kind of mistake as Stalin made in forcible collectivisation.

The other scientific trends which Mr Huxley notices, especially in America, are all methods by which a totalitarian government can produce a docile population with the minimum of violence. The 'arts of selling' have indeed made

* *Brave New World Revisited.* By ALDOUS HUXLEY. *Chatto.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

great strides in the United States. Mr Huxley does not exaggerate either the ingenuity or the effects of advertising technique applied to commerce or to politics. He describes the development of means of 'subconscious persuasion' and, as a result of experiments in a prison, provides scientific evidence for the hypnotic pillow propaganda by which the children of the Brave New World were taught during their sleep how to behave. And as for soma, the figures from the United States of escape from reality by drug-taking, let alone alcohol, are staggering.

During the last twenty years Mr Huxley has been studying individual techniques for resisting tyranny and emphasising, as he does again today, that freedom depends on decentralising and limiting the power of rulers. Now he has become desperate. He fears not only world communism, but the growing totalitarianism of the democracies 'under the relentless thrust of accelerating over-population and over-organisation'. We know, as he says, that freedom is not only a great good but also scientifically necessary because people are genetically different and cannot without infinite loss be poured into the same mould; we know that there is a scientific and indisputable basis for such values as charity and compassion because 'love is as necessary to human beings as food and shelter'; we know, too, how men may be educated so that they are not foolishly gullible or crippled with scepticism. But he holds out little hope that this knowledge and these values can survive the powerful trends towards slavery.

I think that Mr Huxley falls into the common fallacy of intellectual critics who love the good and see evil triumphing. It is clearly true that, if men do not destroy their society with nuclear weapons, the present tendency towards increasing totalitarianism will persist in our age. But he misses an essential aspect of our dilemma. Great changes in society always mean a dangerous increase of power for someone; since such changes are inevitable the problem is how to limit the power. The revolutionary sea now flooding over Asia and widely affecting Africa, South America and indeed the greater part of the world, is a necessary, and in many respects, a beneficent revolution which to the majority of those directly affected feels at first like a wonderful increase of liberty. It is no use lamenting or trying to sweep up the sea with a mop and pail. But there is every reason to seek ways of moderating its intolerance and co-operating, wherever we are given a chance, with its constructive purposes.

The task may be less hopeless than Mr Huxley believes. We are confronted with a colossal confusion, not with a monolithic horror. Mr Huxley himself remarks that in days of anarchy and misery men rashly give up their freedom, only to find that they have to fight for it again when they have learnt the realities of tyranny. To which Mr Huxley replies that 'there seems to be no good reason why a thoroughly scientific dictatorship should ever be overthrown'. There is a good reason, and one that Mr Huxley has himself stressed. Men are only partly gregarious animals; they are not ants, and one of the few things I feel sure about is that we do not know their future.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

For a Child

And have I put upon your shoulders then
What in myself I have refused to bear,
My own and the confusion of dead men,
You of all these, my daughter, made my heir,
The furies and the griefs of which I stayed
Quite unaware?

Perhaps because I did not with my tongue
State these sharp energies into the mind,
They are the shadows you grow up among;
You suffer darkness because I was blind,
Take up the chaoses that in myself
Were unconfined.

If I should say I also know the tart
Flavour of other men as my excuse
And took into myself their broken heart,
That's not the point, abuse remains abuse;
May chaos though have light within your mind
And be of use.

THOMAS BLACKBURN

To Be a Pole

Visa for Poland. By K. S. KAROL. *MacGibbon & Kee.* 18*s.*

K. S. Karol, well-known to readers of this journal for his dispatches from Paris, is by birth a Pole, who has been domiciled in France since, ten years ago, he handed in his Polish passport and declared himself a political refugee. A refugee from what? Having spent seven years in the Soviet Union from the *débâcle* of 1939 (when he was 16) to 1946 he concluded: 'I could no longer reconcile the Socialism in which I believed with the Soviet reality as I had seen it'. He did return to Poland in 1946 and supported the Russian-sponsored regime; but in 1948, after the excommunication of Tito and Gomulka's fall from power, his disillusion was complete and he settled in France. By the summer of 1956 the wheel had turned almost full circle; and, now a journalist of international repute, Karol re-entered Poland bearing a stateless person's passport. That visit, together with three others since, forms the basis of this absorbing book.

Mr Karol has purposely sacrificed both detail and depth of analysis for readability. He claims to do no more than give a subjective account of 'those fragments of Polish history which I know' – either because he had participated in them or because he had known some of the leading figures involved. This is in fact a journalist's book. The first 130 pages or so give a brilliantly compressed account of the ill-starred history of the Polish Communist Party (and, by implication, of much of the whole tragedy of Soviet Communism) from the beginning of the century to 1955, when the leaders of the Polish Security Police were expelled from the party and 'handed over to justice for their crimes'. This part of the story is presented movingly, vividly, accurately and with the greatest economy of words; and *Visa for Poland* should be required reading by any serious student of Communist history for its first half alone.

The second half I find less satisfying, though still immensely readable. Despite a notably cautious epilogue (written apparently last September), Mr Karol makes no secret of the fact that he is a Gomulka fan; and, though his story of what has happened since the Posnan riots is told with praiseworthy candour and with all the confidence of inside knowledge, it still reads as an apologia for Gomulka and for the circle of economic planners, headed by Lange, Bobrowski

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and Kalecki, which constitutes the most effective part of Gomulka's administration.

But what of Gomulka himself? The West knows little of him, except that he behaved with exemplary courage and good judgment when Krushchev sought to tread him under foot in October 1956. But the portrait which emerges from Mr Karol's frankly favourable account is somewhat less reassuring. We see glimpses of him in his youth as the earnest son of a working-class Socialist father; and a little later as a resourceful, but conformist and anti-intellectual, party official. He was twice imprisoned by Pilsudski in the Thirties; and his second jail sentence in 1937 alone saved him from the fate of the rest of the Polish Communist leaders, who, bidden in 1938 to a conference in Moscow, were summarily murdered or imprisoned by Stalin. Gomulka failed to raise his voice in protest against the massacre of his comrades. In 1943 he was appointed first secretary of the party, and from 1945 on he became *de facto* head of the post-war Polish government. He dissented mildly at the formation of the Cominform, but allowed his comrades Bienkowski and Bobrowski to be dismissed from office and disgraced at Zhdanov's behest – again without protest. He dissented rather more strongly over the split with Tito and over the Stalinist policy of enforced agricultural collectivisation in Poland, for which he considered 'the conditions are not yet ripe in our country'. Brought to book by the Stalinist majority on the Central Committee in 1948 for these deviations, he surrendered with very little fight. (As even Mr Karol says of him, in December 1948, 'he was no longer dangerous politically. His equivocal attitude some months earlier had sown confusion among his partisans'.) Finally, it can be argued that his recall to power in 1956 stemmed not from any particular inspiration or insight on his own part, but from the political sagacity of Cyrankiewicz and Ochab, who realised that Gomulka was the one leader able to give their party a new look after Posnan.

Since October 1956, Gomulka can claim three substantial successes. First, the slowing down of farm collectivisation and the revised structure of agricultural prices have significantly increased the confidence of the peasant community and done much to eliminate the hoarding of agricultural produce. Secondly, economic planning outside agriculture is being inspired and supervised by men who are genuine experts; and, if published plans and statistics are to be believed, the Polish people will before long begin to feel the benefit. Thirdly, and perhaps most important, Gomulka has avoided the fate of Imre Nagy.

On the other hand, in the two years since his moment of glory, Gomulka has, however reluctantly, seemed to endorse the crushing of the Hungarian revolution. He has joined in the new condemnation of Tito. Once more he is tightening the screws on the intellectuals, who were the inspiration of the 'dash to freedom', and apparently (though this is not entirely clear) on the Church. He has surrounded himself by lieutenants – Klisko is a fair example – who, however much they may disapprove of the regime they dispossessed, show signs of being equally illiberal and anti-intellectual in their own beliefs.

Is all this the behaviour of a shrewd operator who is a Soviet-style Communist only as far as his built-in Polish patriotism permits, and who, to save Poland from the fate of Hungary, is obliged to compromise to the very edge of capitulation? Or does Gomulka show himself to be a narrow, conformist party zealot – a patriot beyond doubt, but without the intellectual capacity to illuminate the way ahead – who, by a combination of national pride and personal pique, screwed himself to a moment of resistance, but who, having taken his personal revenge for 1948, once again shows 'an equivocal attitude' which has 'sown confusion among his partisans'? If the former of these judgments is correct, it is none the less certain that his actions in 1957 and 1958 have thrown away much of the fervent popular support which alone made him strong enough to resist Krushchev in 1956. But, as Mr Karol observes in the first sentence of his book, 'it is not an easy thing to be a Pole'.

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Grave and Lonely

Conrad the Novelist. By ALBERT J. GUERARD. *Oxford: Harvard.* 30*s*.

Sped by the trade wind of the recent centenary, Conrad's ship has come in once again, this time laden with literary monographs. Even now he tends to baffle his admirers. Undervalued when his best works were written, he won his widest public with his later, inferior novels: he died in 1924 in a blaze of ill-directed obituaries. For some he was The Sea Dreamer, for some a manly yarn-spinner; for others, he was one of the founders of that tiresome school of story-within-a-story narrative. Dr. Leavis's *Scrutiny* essays of 1941, reprinted in *The Great Tradition*, did something for Conrad's reputation with English academics; but as Professor Guerard remarks in the present volume, 'it is safe to say that in 1947 the large majority of critics in America did not read Conrad at all'. Since then the typewriters have been busy and *The Secret Sharer* (to take one famous example) has become required reading for many a college freshman. An early sign of the times was Morton D. Zabel's 1945 essay in *The Sewanee Review*; another was Professor Guerard's *New Directions* study; a third was Thomas C. Moser's *Joseph Conrad: Achievement and Decline*. The present work, which leans heavily on Moser, falls in line with this continued trend.

Avowedly rejecting purely textual criticism, Professor Guerard first seeks to determine the personal character at the heart of Conrad's evasive mannerisms – the 'I' behind the 'I' behind the quizzical figure of 'Marlow', brooding narrator, detective, and protagonist all in one. A glance at the Conrad of the photographs, remote, proud, and wooden, is enough to show the hopelessness of such inquiry. Professor Guerard hints at remorse, at the guilt of a *déraciné*: but the real value of his dogged questioning is to stress, besides the guilty overtones, the recurrent themes of the *Doppelgänger* and the Jungian 'night journey' – recognition of a nightmare 'double', as in *The Secret Sharer*, and descent into inner darkness, as in *The Nigger of the Narcissus*. The *Doppelgänger* theory clearly accounts for the power of such equivocal figures as Lord Jim, Nostromo, Razumov, and even 'the great de Barral': but the 'night journey' applies to fewer of the novels, and its application to the *Narcissus* seems to place far too heavy and distasteful a load of symbolism both on the Negro's colour and on his rescue at the height of the storm.

More convincing are the long chapters in which Professor Guerard analyses the complex structure and narrative method of *Nostromo* and *Lord Jim*. Here too, I think, he rather overplays his hand, in particular overlooking the fact that a reasonably alert reader will quite quickly anticipate the revelation that the *Patna* didn't sink. In places, moreover, he seems implicitly to praise Conrad's impressionism as the forerunner of William Faulkner's – demonstrating at once the evils of historicism and the temptation to overrate one's contemporaries. His close analysis is nevertheless useful in rehabilitating *Lord Jim* after Leavis's hasty strictures, and in suggesting at least two reasons for the rugged, unseductive quality of Conrad's writing: on the one hand, his refusal to lull the reader into daydream identification with a 'hero', and on the other, his tough, stoical, courageous (and Camus-like) pessimism, reflected both in the plots of his novels and in the knotty, hard elegance of their style.

It was an attempt to overcome this attitude, concludes Professor Guerard, that led to Conrad's decline as an artist. His example is 'a glaring warning to the novelist who, today or in any age, tries to make himself into an "affirmative" writer. The betrayed imagination will collapse'. The full collapse, for Conrad, came in his late sentimental novels: with *Chance* and *Victory* it had already begun. *Victory*, especially Professor Guerard handles rather more roughly than it deserves, perhaps in over-reaction to its praise by Leavis. He similarly passes by some of the real weaknesses in *The Secret Agent* – the heavy-handedness, for example, of what he calls its 'particular chill humour', the too-overt contempt of repeated gibes at 'the ticket-of-leave apostle'. These, and other failures of sympathy, hint at a strain of coarseness in Conrad's make-up that many critics prefer to ignore: its emergence in the earlier novels – most strikingly in *The Nigger of the Narcissus* – detracts from the symmetry that Professor Guerard, like Moser, seems to see in his career. But if in these ways his book provokes disagreement, it remains, as I hope I've shown, a very solid and muscular critical achievement. Well worthy of its grave and lonely subject, it sends one back to Conrad with renewed insight, liking, and respect.

RICHARD MAYNE

Early Tycoons

The Strutts and the Arkwrights, 1758-1830. By R. S. FITTON and A. P. WADSWORTH. *Manchester U.P.* 35*s.*

The traveller through the Derwent Valley and the Peak district of Derbyshire today finds it hard to imagine that this was a cradle of the Industrial Revolution. Industrialism has become associated in our minds with big towns, smoke, and the Labour vote, with Birmingham, Leeds, and Manchester. Yet the genesis of the world's first great industrial society was in sparsely populated country areas and by the banks of Pennine streams. At Belper and Cromford, at Cressbrook and Litton the first cotton mills began to appear in the 1770s and 1780s. The first phase of the Industrial Revolution had begun.

Of the men who pioneered these developments we really know remarkably little. Until Samuel Smiles enshrined the best known of them in the 1860s as saints of self-help, the details of their lives were hardly known beyond a circle of local inhabitants. After the first world war the economic historians, searching for origins which would make industrial capitalism respectable, and the social historians anxious to demonstrate the horrors and injustices of the early factory system, unearthed fresh material. Unfortunately ledgers and account books are not very promising sources for biography, with the result that many otherwise excellent economic studies failed to make the early years of the Industrial Revolution come alive. Moreover the interpretation was sometimes in terms too strictly economic to be meaningful. A notable exception in the 1920s was Unwin's *Samuel Oldknow and the Arkwrights*, a classic study to which this new book by Dr Fitton and the late Mr Wadsworth invites comparison and to which it is in some ways complementary.

Although *The Strutts and the Arkwrights* is basically a scholarly study in economic history in the best traditional style, there emerges from it a much wider vision for those who are able to see it. This makes the second half of the book especially not only informative but occasionally exciting reading. Within the overall framework of the rapid emergence of a wholly new type of society – industrialism – lesser themes such as social mobility, paternalistic welfare, and socio-religious alignments can be traced. This is much more than the history of an industry; it is a picture of the birth of a new society.

The book falls naturally into two parts. In the first we make the acquaintance of old Jedediah Strutt, the Derbyshire wheelwright-cum-farmer who made the transition to cotton spinning via the putter-out system in the local hosiery trade. A successful invention for the making of ribbed hosiery and a judicious partnership with Richard Arkwright put him fairly on the road to fame and fortune, and when he died in 1797 he left an empire in cotton for his sons. He appears in these pages as the perfect prototype of the early mill-owner; hard-working, single-minded, and driven by a Nonconformist conscience. 'Experience and observation of Mankind and the world has long since convinced me that to be industrious, temperate and frugal are wise Maxims and worthy to be retained, and observed even by the rich and the Affluent,' he wrote to his daughter in 1786. The unlovely side of such a character was more obvious in his partner, Arkwright – 'a Tyrant and more absolute than a Bashaw' alleged his opponents in one of the numerous wrangles over patent rights in which he sought to maintain a legal monopoly against the rest of the cotton trade.

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By middle age Jedediah Strutt, conscious of his own social and cultural limitations, advised his eldest son not to neglect the cultivation of the social graces. His advice was evidently well heeded, for in the second part of the book we are introduced to the second generation of Strutts – cultured, Radical Unitarians, with a strong sense of social conscience, and a taste for good works in education and factory welfare. The poet Thomas Moore was much impressed by a visit to the family: 'they have quite a nest of young poets. . . . Then they have fine pianofortes, magnificent organs, splendid houses, most excellent white soup, and are, to crown all, right true Jacobins after my own heart'. Like the rich Leftists of a later generation they managed to have it both ways

J. F. C. HARRISON.

New Novels

The Assistant. By BERNARD MALAMUD. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 16*s.*

The Scorpion Field. By J. L. NUSSER. *Heinemann.* 15*s.*

The Losers. By CLIFFORD IRVING. *Heinemann.* 15*s.*

The Vet's Daughter. By BARBARA COMYNS. *Heinemann.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

If 'Creative Writing' were taught under another name, taught, say, as 'Empiric Criticism', it would probably arouse less repugnance in the English breast. The trouble is that we have seen its results at their worst in a good many American first novels: have seen an awful, conscientious pretentiousness of style, dreary copycatting from Hemingway and Faulkner, recipe-following of the 'now-I-have-to-put-in-the-symbols' variety. Yet I sat in on a session at one of the great eastern universities, most beautifully taught by a young man of taste and insight, whose aim was to reveal to his students how the classic writers achieved their effects. No more than that: yet by doing so he was teaching them *how* to read, opening up new horizons of literary appreciation. And if they had any talent at all, they might have learned something about writing from it. On the whole, however, I am as suspicious as most of the English about the question of having creative writing formally taught as a subject. Writing is basically a natural business; you can do it or you can't. You may learn to write just a bit better than you do already, through the understanding of literary techniques; but you will never learn how to write *much* better. And the difference between the 'taught' and the 'natural' writer is as wide as the Atlantic ocean.

Bernard Malamud is a 'natural' writer with the most pure and attractive style. Of the three American novels that I have here, *The Assistant* is far and away the most distinguished, not because it appears as a triumph of craft, but because of its grave and courteous easiness of manner. It looks, like all good art, as if the creator found it very simple to achieve.

It is about a poor Jewish grocer in a Jewish segment set in a New York gentile community. One night Morris Bober is beaten up by anti-Semitic roughs, who rob him of the miserable amount they manage to find. Not long after, a new assistant turns up, willing to work for Morris for next to nothing. It is, of course, one of the raiders, eager to sack off a load of bad conscience. For a long time the assistant does well. He falls in love with Morris's daughter, and if he is sometimes tempted to petty pilferings, well, virtue isn't achieved in a day where it never existed before. Then, suddenly, the game is up; the assistant is seen in daylight, his motives as tangled around him as telegraph wires brought down in a storm. What is good? What is bad? What is the value of the action as opposed to the intention? Across this profoundly human, this just and unhurried story, lies the shadow of an allegory. It is an allegory unresolved, perhaps ill-fitting, smooth along the back but short in the sleeves. There is no question here of Mr Malamud putting-in-the-symbols. The overtones arise quite naturally out of the human story, you can take them or leave them, read the book on one level, on two, on three. There is enough in it for the reader to take what he chooses, without serious loss if he doesn't take all there is.

The Scorpion Field, by J. L. Nusser, is written unpretentiously and well, but has not that Alpha Plus distinction of style which sometimes imposes itself where no particular artifice seems to exist. It has a very good story, told by an uncle-character who makes the wheels go round. His niece, aged 14, has been caught naked in a car with a youth of Hungarian extraction and no social hopes. Believing that Clyde, her father, is going to prosecute the boy, Uncle Ernie arranges to have him sent away to sea. And he never comes back.

I give a bald outline of the book, because the plot is important; this is an excellent and gripping piece of narrative which it would be a shame to spoil for the reader. Yet its chief interest doesn't rest in the story, but in the character-drawing. All these people appear to be simple enough types—frigid and venomous wife, snurge-like husband crawling horribly to his boss, warm-hearted, slightly absurd narrator. But they are all just sufficiently off-beat to be interesting, especially Ernie. Where Mr Nusser falls down badly is in his concluding scenes, when Ernie and his girl, Milly, part for ever for a reason that might seem all right on the pictures but is absurdly sentimental in terms of real life. Lovers simply don't part just because they have, by pure accident, messed up the life of a third party. Densher and Kate Croy had something to part *about*: and Mr Nusser might have studied their situation with advantage. But where he is really good is in his incidentals. There is a terrifying account of the firm's annual dinner, where the good salesmen are given gold crowns and *filet mignon*, the bad ones asses' ears and beans, which I commend to everyone, both as a sadistic delight and a warning. *The Organisation Man* seems a nearer book to me now than before I read Nusser.

The Losers is a much more ambitious book, about two violent and destructive people who, during a heat-wave, dash their own lives to pieces and ruin the lives of their two faithful friends. The style sticks out a bit too much here; one can see that Mr Clifford Irving is really trying. But he has a genuine vision of rage and despair which raises his work above the level of the purely sensational. And though it is serious in intention, it could have fallen to that level rather easily if the writer himself had not been so deeply engaged in his own John-Martin-like vision of lives crashing like worlds. Here, the atmosphere is all important; it is very, very hot in this book, phenomenally, almost supernaturally hot. One sweats as required by the author. One is just a bit too hot to consider seriously whether any of the people concerned are really interesting. I don't think they are. What they *do* is interesting (there is considerable story-interest), and in what circumstances they do it; but they themselves aren't much to write home about. They would be really heavy bores in life. The American novel of personal, as opposed to social violence, has its appeal according to the intensity of the light in which it is made to exist; and here Mr Irving lets nobody down. He is intensely receptive to colour, mood, weather, the pathetic fallacy. And because he is, *The Losers* is not altogether unimpressive.

Back to England, to Clapham Common in the reign of Edward VII, and to a sublime atmospheric dottiness which had its beginning rather late in English literature; in Lefanu, I believe. *The Vet's Daughter* is about a girl so harried by her beastly father and his horrible mistress that she seeks refuge in rising gently to the ceiling and staying there out of reach, till she can bear to descend again. Father sees the commercial possibilities of this, and insists on her demonstrating her skill, in full bridal rig-out, on Clapham Common. There is a riot and the poor girl is trampled to death.

Now Miss Comyns, like Mr Irving, is an atmosphere expert; but unlike him prefers to use her gifts to fantastic ends. I'm by no means sure that she isn't wise to do so. There is something more grandly plausible about *The Vet's Daughter*, for all its absurdity of theme, than there is about *The Losers*.

The black imagination, the vision of evil, the falling dream, are in themselves appalling realities, and thus not only materials for art, but essential materials for some kinds of art. How are they, though, to be treated? As though they translate themselves into immediate and codifiable realities? Or as though the realities are as suspect as the dreams? I don't know the answer: I suspect that the response to this kind of thing is highly personal. Miss Comyns is an expert in poetic squalor, her deathly touch is sure; she makes us feel that it is later than we think. I wouldn't want

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to read too many books like *The Vet's Daughter*, but one or two, I think, are not only acceptable but inevitable.

PAMELA HANSFORD JOHNSON

The Lost Leader

The Prince Imperial. A Study of his Life among the British. By E. E. P. TISDALL. *Jarrolds.* 21s.

There is more in this volume than you would think from the sub-title; it is not just a miscellany of social and other chit-chat about the 'P.I.', but, in its way, a complete life-story of the last titular *Fils de France*. Louis gets four chapters as heir apparent, in three of which he is being dragged through the interminable misery of his first 'campaign' almost step by step. At the end, we follow him step by step to Itelezi: so that the P.I.—the Woolwich cadet, artillery lieutenant and social meteor—is reduced to eight chapters out of fifteen. And quite enough. And all thoroughly explored, if not very meticulously handled—for this is journalism. The author imperils his credit by a few glaring slips; for instance, by presenting Joachim Murat as the King of Rome's grandson, and the Orleans party as Legitimist. To increase suspicion, he has no bibliography. But certainly not for want of material; and he is accurate on much dimmer points.

I should think even the casual reader will be held. It is a good story, picturesque all through, and equally though differently harrowing at both ends. In the Franco-Prussian campaign one squirms over the poor little enthusiast, the toy soldier; in Zululand one has to squirm for Lieutenant Carey. Mr Tisdall has exploited both patches to the full, and rather overstretched the *Débâcle* (by which Louis was heartbroken, incidentally, not 'disillusioned'; he was impervious to disillusion). But the record has no structure, or point of view; it is a mess of anecdotage, and proceeds by accumulation. The people get across if they can. And I think the Empress can: it would be almost impossible to quench her, and she always raises such powerful feeling. I am not so sure about the more formidable, slightly alarming character of the Pretender. After 1870, it is only natural that the P.I.—who was all facade, except the craze for exploits and glory—should overshadow the *Fils de France*; especially in a work of this kind, with its licensed, exhaustive chronicle of small beer and schoolboy jinks. And yet the Son of France was the real Louis, changeless from the nursery in all his loves and designs, though not, as the jacket says, 'plotting with masterly skill to gain the French throne'; that seems to be confusing him with Napoleon III. Louis was nothing of an intriguer; he relied on 'historical necessity' and personal magnetism. One day, simply in the nature of things, the republic would collapse, and France would cry out for a Deliverer. Yes, but when? He might have to wait for ten years. . . .

It was the desperation of idleness, rather than some phantom love-affair (duly listed) which sent him to Itelezi. And perhaps fortunately. 'The world was not worthy of that young and poetic figure, honour itself, upright and true.' He died at the peak of his romantic radiance and moral beauty; later on, he was going to be unforgiving and inflexible. Nor can one lament the stark military autocracy which was his ideal of government, even granting that it could scarcely have given the fate of Europe a turn for the worse. It is curious to reflect that he would have been only fifty-eight in 1914. But he could never have lived to fifty-

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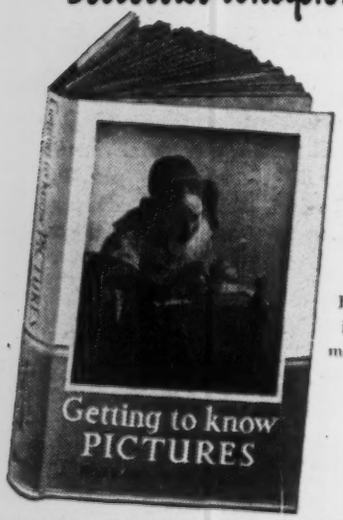

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eight—not as an exile, with his devouring homesickness, his frightful passion for danger. One may not quite agree with this author, that there is a 'strange note of finality' in his midnight will, a weird mystery in its 'emphasis on the act of *dying*'. Strictly, it is in the nature of a will to be concerned with the act of dying. But one can see what he means.

K. JOHN

Inside Story

The Society of Captives. By GRESHAM M. SYKES. *Oxford: Princeton.* 30*s.*

Not many research workers, it seems, have ever closely examined the negative, repressive aspects of 'maximum security' imprisonment. They have mostly been concerned to appraise those progressive methods by which, it is hoped, *mere* imprisonment may one day be superseded; and nearly all the stories of quod *per se* have come from prisoners. There are some people, says the author of this book, who maintain that putting a man in prison for breaking the law is 'as foolish as locking up a dollar bill because it has lost its purchasing power'. He also reports the belief (in others) that prison officials are not equipped by either training or experience to eradicate the 'unconscious' causes of crime, that 'in any case the authoritarian, custodian-prisoner relationship is enough to warp the soul of the innocent, let alone the guilty', and that the use of force is 'grossly inefficient as a means for securing obedience'. On the truth of all this, Dr Gresham Sykes expresses no view of his own. But he ought to know: he is Professor of Sociology in Northwestern University, USA, and he has just completed a thorough study of the regime now in force at Trenton, the State 'maximum security' prison of New Jersey. This book is his report, a remarkable study by a scrupulously honest, non-captive observer of the real meaning of captivity.

Trenton Prison was built in the eighteenth century. It is therefore older than any of those which, in this country, we denounce as archaic; and it has armed guards (shot-guns, revolvers and gas grenades) stationed at intervals on top of a massive perimeter wall twenty feet high. Its Warden believes that the best way to prepare a prisoner for social conformity after release is to make him toe the line while he is inside; and what the Warden of an American State prison believes largely determines the kind of prison it is to be. Dr Sykes, though he resorts very seldom to euphemism, puts it this way:

> Education, recreation, counselling, and other measures designed to lessen the oppressiveness of prison life assume a relatively minor position compared to a system of control which attempts to make the prisoner learn compliance to duly constituted authority.

Back to the eighteenth century, in fact? Not at all, says the Warden. The efficient custodian is the true guardian of 'inmate welfare'. Most prisoners tacitly agree with this, he claims, and they like the security it gives them. Thus, writes Dr Sykes, the Warden confirms 'the traditionally low priority attached to the efforts of those charged with the task of reform', and rules over a system of total power.

Total power must never give reasons for what it does to its *protégés*. Explanations are withheld as a matter of calculated policy. 'Providing explanation carries an implication that those who are ruled have a right to know', and that if an explanation is not satisfactory the rule will be changed. If the prisoners maintain the right to argue with their captors, they 'take on the appearance of an enemy nation with its own sovereignty'. You can't have them doing that.

And so on. Yet experience in this country seems to show that increased severity in the prisons or in police procedure leads directly to 'ganging up' and something feebly resembling enemy sovereignty. For example: 'If they're going to use dogs against us', a temporary ex-prisoner said to me when the idea was catching on among various police forces, 'then we're using bigger and better weapons'. Some of them did; and I note that the police are now using bigger and better dogs. It seems to be expected of most prisons that they will somehow turn men from the path of crime to the path of social conformity; and if the men make the required turn, as a surprising number do, it is marked up as a success for the prison system, whether repressive or libertarian. In the years to come, while the progressive prison will lack neither sympathetic appraisal nor reactionary criticism, the true 'maximum security' gaol with its stage army of recidivists may rather fade from the public mind. It will remain, nevertheless, the core of the problem, the real challenge to experiment.

We do not need, Dr Sykes urges, to assume that man's nature is fixed by the adult years, nor to believe that because progress in reformatory methods has been so slow in the past little further progress can now be expected. 'By expecting less and demanding less', he says, 'we may achieve more, for a chronically disillusioned public is apt to drift into indifference'. He might have been putting a postscript to Mr. R. A. Butler's White Paper.

C. H. ROLPH

The Rage of Caliban

The Ugly American. By WILLIAM J. LEDERER and EUGENE BURDICK. *Gollancz.* 16*s.*

This strange book by two Americans is not a novel, though it is cast in the form of fiction. Neither is it an indictment of American policies in South-east Asia, as its authors pretend. What they are sorry for is the failure of these policies, not the wrongness of them. The reasons for this failure are not far to seek, they maintain. They have the whole fault fixed and mounted, in the person of their invention, The Ugly American. This poor scapegoat appears in their book in many guises. Generally he is a temporary diplomat, representing Uncle Sam in a South-east Asian country; as likely as not he got his job by nepotism in Washington; he is fat, with a red face, and he sweats too much; he speaks no language but English, and dislikes the company of Asians; he is sure to be utterly careless of local susceptibilities. All this is not hard to believe. What is a little surprising about *The Ugly American* is the force of the physical distaste with which these portraits are drawn. The book has been a best-seller in the States. Does Caliban hunger so to behold his own image?

Mr Burdick is a novelist who has lived in Asia; Captain Lederer is 'an authority on South-east Asia'. They have chosen to express their disquiet about American behaviour in those parts in the form of a fable. Their hero is the Honorable Gilbert MacWhite, US Ambassador to 'Sarkhan', an imaginary country that is probably Thailand. Ambassador MacWhite is everything a career diplomat should be: shrewd, industrious, patient, imaginative; a scholar, a linguist, a man of affairs: 'the name of George Kennan is in point', say the authors. This excellent man is in every way an

improvement on his predecessor, an Ugly American called Lucky Lou Sears, a politician out of office who never learned to pronounce the names of the Sarkhanese high-ups. MacWhite is a dedicated man, as befits the son of missionary parents: after six months in Sarkhan, 'he had drawn his lines of battle against the Communists, shrewdly, patiently, with infinite imagination'. The fable tells how MacWhite is defeated by the Uglies, and in the last chapter he is sacked by Mr Dulles. It seems he harmed himself in Washington by pushing the smaller aid-projects in Sarkhan at the expense of the grandiose schemes for building dams and such-like, in which vested interests were involved. This is an old story, and a sad one; but all the same who will say that MacWhite should not have been dismissed? He is rarely at his post, preferring to travel through South-east Asia observing how inadequately his colleagues work to fight the demon Communism. On one occasion, visiting the war in Indo-China as a neutral observer, he is able to advise a company of the *Légion Étrangère* on a matter of tactics. He helps them to plan an action against the Viet-Minh, and takes part in it himself. It is a measure of Messrs Lederer and Burdick's naivety that they expect the reader to swallow this story, and to approve it as well.

Of course it is hard to know what to believe in a book like *The Ugly American*. In a brief introduction we are told that the book is 'not just an angry dream, but rather the rendering of fact into fiction'. Well, as fiction goes it is no great shakes. Some parts are better than others: the Ambassador's military adventure is well done, and there is an amusing account of the mayhem created in Saigon by one of those trouble-raising travelling Senators. In general, though, the story is messily told and hard to follow. The style is novelettish: typically, the Ambassador's Chinese friend has 'eyes as black and hard as bits of chilled steel'; he speaks, and 'every word was like a whiplash'. As for characterisation, the Uglies have the best of it, in that they are fairly credible. The various 'good' Americans on show are merely plaster figures.

Messrs Lederer and Burdick are not embarrassed. They are men of a purpose. Concerned with America's dwindling influence in the East, they want to do something about it. They believe the level of recruitment into the Foreign Service ought to be raised: no longer should it be the last resort of the Ivy League man who cannot find a place on Madison Avenue. They want to see Americans involved in the affairs of Asian nations in a more penetrating way: dollars alone will not beguile. America must show herself to Asia at her best, so that Asia will wish to become like her. It never occurs to these authors that she may not want to.

PETER DUVAL SMITH

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Shorter Reviews

The Nine Lives of Mike Todd. By ART COHN. *Hutchinson.* 21*s.*

'I have one test for biography,' begins the author of this book; 'would the subject, regardless of name, fame and infame, make a good novel?' About Mike Todd, he answers himself: Yes. Todd could have been 'conceived by Shakespeare, Cervantes, or Dumas'. So he sets out 'seeking the truth of Todd, often in spite of the facts'. Up goes the balloon; out comes the gas; and the rest of the voyage is by dinghy. More than ever, after reading Mr Cohn, who gives us half-novel and half-gossip column, we may long for an old-fashioned devotion to the facts.

Not that he's necessarily wrong about Todd, who seems to have been the possible candidate for a Great Gatsby or Citizen Kane crashed in his heyday. Avrom Goldbogen was a rabbi's son, and his first masterpiece was a huge toothpaste tube filling a shop window. At 18 he was president of a two-million-a-year building company. The slump broke him, but he came back in the fair-grounds with penguins and a ballet-dancer set on fire, and then to Broadway where a hotted-up *Mikado* paved the way for the businessman's *Hamlet*, which outran all other *Hamlets* in dash as well as receipts. A vast night-club for everyone; a bomber taking off in a musical; Cinerama; finally Todd-AO and *Around the World in Eighty Days*. Three marriages. Two children. Much splashing in and out of the ten millions. Anecdotes and wisecracks of the order of 'I've been broke many a time, but I've never been poor,' and 'Let's not be anti-Semitic about the Irish'. Oh yes, he was a sub-genius all right.

Whether he was the little bit more, whether he was ever likeable or comically stunning, *The Nine Lives of Mike Todd* leaves us still wondering. We can't ever quite take its fact as fact, since we've been warned; and that 'inner truth' provides italicised passages of embarrassing life-throb. However, its author worked closely with Todd for his last two years (and died in the fatal crash), and from the tedious brightness with which he encircles him we do get an outline of a sort, on which to build up. Perhaps after all there was a bit of Quixote in him; his happiness was rare; among czars and tycoons he had a heart. . . . Why couldn't this have been a more revealing as well as a more readable book?

W. W.

Plague Fighter. By WU LIEN-TEH. *Heffer.* 30*s.*

This is the story of a distinguished doctor who was born in 1879, became an undergraduate at Cambridge, studied clinical medicine at St Mary's Hospital, and then returned to China and Malaya to work. His early and important work was concerned with epidemics of plague in Manchuria in 1910, which he helped to control. At that time Chinese political life, encircled by etiquette, was far removed from present patterns. Dr Wu's life has been long, vigorous and useful, particularly in preventive medicine and opium suppression. His impressions of his young life in England were favourable and, if one didn't know it already, ram home the value of welcoming overseas students here and the deadly danger of any discrimination against them.

The pity is that Dr Wu has not had time to write a shorter book. Nothing is left out. The interesting facts are smothered by clouds of trivial ones. It will take a determined man to read all 650 pages.

D. A. P.

The Idea of a Social Science. By PETER WINCH. *Routledge.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

This monograph ambitiously attempts to review the broad relationships between social studies, philosophy and the natural sciences. The author's purpose is summed up in his statement, 'Any worth-while study of society must be philosophical in character and any worth-while philosophy must be concerned with the nature of human society'. Mr Winch criticises modern philosophers like Weldon, Ryle and Strawson and says that Wittgenstein has often been misread. He argues against the view that the role of philosophy should be simply to remove impediments to the advance of our understanding, by clarifying concepts and eliminating linguistic confusions. This he regards as too negative. Epistemological questions have always been central to serious philosophical work and should remain so. The philosopher could do more than he is at present doing in helping to answer important questions about the problems and nature of society. I only wish Mr Winch had given some space to the reasons for the escapism of current British philosophy.

The author also discusses some of the theories of John Stuart Mill, Pareto, Durkheim, Weber, Oakeshott and others and argues against the search for wholly 'scientific' explanations of human behaviour. The differences between sociology or economics on the one hand and physics or even animal psychology on the other are not those simply of degree or complexity. Mr Winch has many original things to say about the concepts of 'understanding', 'explanation', 'motive' and 'cause', as applied to social studies, but it is a pity he felt unable to discuss even one of those studies in detail. It is also a little surprising, given his subject, that he found no place for the central philosophical issue of free-will and determinism.

P. T.

Week-end Competition

No. 1,513 **Set by Maurice Cassel**

In the past the theatre has provided songs for the policeman, sentry, the Lord Chancellor, the cobbler and many others. The usual prizes are offered for part of a vocational song for one of the following: columnist, schoolmaster, civil servant, TV comedian, air-hostess, dramatic critic, window-dresser or publican. Limit 12 lines; entries by 3 March.

No. 1,510 **Set by Lunatic**

The usual prizes are offered for an extract (limit 150 words) from Baedeker's forthcoming *Moon.*

Report

No one in his senses will choose the Moon (or the Lunar People's Republic, as one competitor renamed it) for his holiday after reading these extracts. It is divided, we are told, into Russian and American zones, but 'visas are seldom granted for inter-zonal visits'. The language of the natives is incomprehensible, appearing to consist only in 'endless tonal variations on the word *niet*'. Native Reservations provide the Earth conquerors with cheap labour – the only cheap commodity on Moon. The whole central plateau is a well fortified Martian territory. The local statuary is 'quaintly obscure (unsuitable for mixed parties)'. Ski-ing is not recommended in case the skier should find himself 'an involuntary satellite'. I recommend a first prize of three guineas to Barbara Roe, a second of two guineas to A. M. Sayers, and a guinea each to L. G. Udall and Gloria Prince. Runners-up: Allan M. Laing and Russell Edwards.

FROM BAEDEKER'S 'MOON'

Brownstown, built in 1973, is the oldest city of the Near Side, and lies at the bottom of Robinson's Crater under a translucent polythene lid. The early settlers found this the most effective method of insulation, and more economical than building in open country. The city contains some good examples of Plastic Period architecture, and is said to have been built in a day.

From the top of the Oxygen Tower (admission $3) one may enjoy a splendid panorama of the crater walls, which rise to nearly 17,000 feet, presenting a spectacle of unbelievable grandeur at the full earth, when the whole massif can be seen bathed in unmoonly light.

Most Earthians find the day rather long, and are advised, until they get used to it, to rest after luncheon, which is served from 354 o'clock (noon) in most restaurants.

Hotel: The Bottom. From $550 per night plus oxygen tax.

BARBARA ROE

Rigorous climatic conditions render it inadvisable for invalids to undertake a journey to the moon. Intending visitors must pass the test of the International Space Travel Authority and acquire an insulated and pressurised suit of an approved pattern. Even so equipped, a measure of discomfort may be experienced as temperatures vary between 200°F. by 'day' and as many degrees of frost by 'night'. On arrival the visitor will be astonished at his lightness and ease of movement. The small gravitational force will enable him to walk with strides of seven or eight yards and leap twenty or thirty feet at a bound. As mountaineering is the main lunar attraction, this extreme mobility is a great advantage, and interesting ascents may be made without effort. An average athlete, for instance, can easily climb Huyghens (18,000ft, no guide necessary) in one hour. Danger from falls, etc., is negligible.

A. M. SAYERS

On the Far side of the Moon the traveller must adapt himself to even stranger behaviour. As on This side, all the dwellings are subterranean and the occupants emerge only when the sun shines. Since there is no drainage and the anatomy of the Lunarians being such, as mentioned before, that they need none, travellers are advised to carry a spade for suitable entrenchments in the snow. On the Far side, however, the Lunarians are less sophisticated than those on This side, and it may disconcert some visitors to find that their necessary performances are a source of delighted amusement. The Rocket Company is trying to remedy this, but frequent snowfalls obliterate the edifices and the introduction of subterranean drainage is a very long term, if possible, project. A plastic portable contrivance (by Selbsthilfe Aktiengesellschaft of Augsburg) is recommended.

L. G. UDALL

In this region, which includes the craters Ptolemy, Albategnius, Hipparchus and others, climbing is excellent and the scenery unforgettable, but hoteliers are apt to be hard and frigid. (Alphonsus, recommended by Russian sightseers, is exceptional, being an active volcanic little fellow.) The hotels themselves are of the most primitive kind, very difficult to discover, and the traveller is advised to take with him his own air and water, also any sounds and odours he may require. The region is a half-day's mechanised crawl from the celebrated Sea of Clouds, but this once-popular watering-place offers now only dust-bathing and the heat, especially at new earth, is extreme. Serious travellers are warned that they may suffer attacks of unaccustomed levity, most dangerous on high ground; lead boots form a simple precaution. Getting literally cooked by day and undergoing fatal deep-freeze at night are also to be avoided.

GLORIA PRINCE

The Chess Board

No. 484. Obvious Endgame Strategy

If it's all that obvious, why bother? Yet, before seeing about a piece of far from obvious endgame strategy, let's look at the position achieved by that great master of the endgame, Akiba Rubinstein when playing Black against Cohn at St. Petersburg, 1909. /8/pp2kppp/4p3/8/1P7/P3PP2/5P1P/2K5/. Here the winning strategy is obvious, indeed. Black will march his K to attack the weak KRP, thereby tying the White K to its defence. Then, having forced some P-exchanges on the K-wing the Black K will mop up the indefensible White pawns. Elementary, my dear Cohn, but it still pays to study Rubinstein's clockwork precision in dealing with the position.

"If I'd only known it was on,

You have probably said that at one time or another. Perhaps it was when you read the reviews of Granada's plays, like DEATH OF A SALESMAN, NO FIXED ABODE, THE IRON HARP OF THE STRONG ARE LONELY; or after one of Granada's special shows like INSANITY OR ILLNESS? or SIR THOMAS BEECHAM AT LINCOLN'S INN or—entertainment programmes like 'CHELSEA at nine', which have introduced the world's greatest artistes to television.

I'd have watched it!"

Might we suggest you enter in your diary Granada's next play February 27th at 9 pm

A MEMORY OF TWO MONDAYS by Arthur Miller. Miller says of this play: it is a pathetic comedy; a boy works among people for a couple of years, shares their troubles, their victories, their hopes, and when it is time for him to be on his way he expects some memorable moment, some sign from them that he has touched them and been touched by them. They barely note his departure. I wrote it, I suppose, in part out of a desire to relive a sort of reality where necessity was open and bare; I hoped to define for myself the value of hope, why it must arise, as well as the heroism of those who know, at least, how to endure its absence.

GRANADA TV

(1) . . . K-B3!; (2) K-Q2, K-Kt4; (3) K-K2 [White must stick to the defence since the counter-offensive attempt at racing the K to QB7 wouldn't be quite fast enough. The Black KRP would get i:. first. Even so, in that variation, Black would muff his chance if he failed to play . . . P-QKt4 as soon as the White K has reached his QB7], K-R5; (4) K-B1, K-R6; (5) K-Kt1, P-K4! [Tying up White's K-wing completely since neither his KP nor his BP can move without courting quick disaster]; (6) K-R1, P-QKt4! [Now the Q-wing is tied up too; and a timely P-QR4 wouldn't have helped White either]; (7) K-Kt1, P-B4; (8) K-R1, P-Kt4; (9) K-Kt1, P-KR4; (10) K-R1, P-Kt5; (11) P-K4 (relatively best), P x KP!; (12) P x KP, P-R5; (13) K-Kt1, P-Kt6; (14) RP x P, P x P; (15) Resigns.

I got this out of the Soviet grandmaster *J. Averbach's* monumental work on endgames the 1st vol. of which (P-endings) has just come out in its eagerly expected German translation *Lehrbuch der Endspiele* (publ. in Eastern Germany by *Sportverlag, Berlin, DM* 10.80). I will revert to that important work more than once; meanwhile, here (Botvinnik-Flohr, Moscow 1944) is an example of not so obvious endgame strategy. /8/1p3k2/p4ppp/3P4/1P6/4K2P/1P4P1/8/. At first glance it would seem to be astonishing that White won the game since the obvious assessment of the position would point to Black's chance of blockading the QP while obtaining the advantage of the distant passed P on the K-wing. In point of fact, Botvinnik turned the tables by taking the initiative on the K-wing, weakening the Black pawns while securing vital squares for his own K and endowing his QP with the power of the distant passed P. But first he had to scotch P-KR4;

(1) P-Kt4! K-K2; (2) P-R4, K-Q3; (3) K-K4!, P-Kt3; (4) P-R5! P x P; (5) P x P, P-R4; (6) K-B5, P x P; (7) K x P, K x P; (8) K-Kt6, K-K3; (9) K x P, K-B3; (10) P-Kt3, K-B2; (11) K-Kt5, and White won by going *first* to b6.

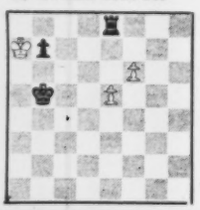
In his own notes Botvinnik examines this potential position of the game: /8/1p4p1/p3k1pp/2K5/2P6/7P/1P4P1/8/. He is not sure if . . . K-Q2 draws, but he is quite sure that . . . P-KR4! (stopping P-Kt4) draws and that . . . P-KKt4? loses after

(2) K-Kt6, K-Q4; (3) K x P, K-B5; (4) K x P, K x P; (5) P-Kt4!? K-Kt6; (6) K-Kt5, K x P; (7) K-B4, K-B7; (8) K-Q5, K-Q6; (9) K-K6, K-K5, (10) K-B7, K-B6; (11) K x P, etc.

The 4-pointer **A** is a game-position (Kübart, 1957). /2r3r1/pb3p1k/1p2pPqp/2p5/3P4/2P1R2Q/PP3RPP/2B3K1/. Black blundered by . . . Q-Kt8, and beginners should see at a glance how he was punished. **B**, a win, is not very easy but a bargain for 6 ladder-points with my helpful hint that solvers should first see why and how White should get rid of his BP and then shun f2. **C** (7 points) is a draw and quite a beauty. Usual. prizes. Entries by 2 March.

B: V. Czechover 1951

C: Leonid Kubbel



Report of No. 481 held over.

ASSIAC

City Lights

Risks for the Fun of It

Insurance company managers, no longer content to write speeches for their chairmen once a year, have recently been giving a public airing to their problems – particularly to America, where everyone has been losing money on general insurance business for the past two or three years. Insurance rates are strictly controlled in America (and in Canada) by state superintendents, chaps sufficiently political in colour to change when the state governor changes and likely to reflect faithfully the dislike felt by the general public for any increase in its insurance premiums. Insurance claims are as popular a hobby in America as are the football pools here, a number of crack lawyers specialising in the business and operating on a profitable pay-by-results basis, and the companies have been understandably peeved about their failure to get the rate increases they need to keep up the ever-growing tendency of small businessmen to get themselves out of the recession with a well-timed piece of arson. The big American companies, always glad of an opportunity to squeeze out their small competitors, were prepared to see the thing out until they found that they too were going bankrupt. The British companies who operate in America try to comfort themselves with the thought that they were making enough from their investments to make up for their losses on insurance.

This American situation, as the managers see it, is only an extreme example of a more general problem. As more and more new insurance companies have come into existence, competition for business has become fiercer. The boom, while it lasted, provided business for everyone, and the inflation which accompanied it concealed for a time the shaky accountancy by which this business was made to look profitable. The recession is inducing second thoughts – a fact, if you expect stern financial principles in your insurance company, in the recession's favour.

* * *

The suspension of the Capital Issues Committee is bringing the expected rush of undeserving companies to the market. There's the Midland Bank and probably Lloyds as well, British Relay Wireless following Rediffusion, Babycham, a handful of trusts, a new unit trust block offer (the unit trust boys, by the way, seem to be agreeing to forget their quarrels for the sake of forming an association to screw concessions out of the Chancellor). And there's money there to absorb what comes: Esso's recent offer of £15m debenture stock brought in over 53,000 applications.

* * *

Company news? Lord Portal and Mr Cunliffe have finally left the board of British Aluminium; an American bank is offering special facilities to American investors who want to buy TI shares and hastening the day when the biter gets bitten. Jaguar, which has been paying out only an eleventh of its profits, has delighted its backers by suddenly raising the dividend from 12½ to 30 per cent.; there has been no change of heart – its profits have doubled. The long-awaited trial of ICI's application to extend its Terylene patents, which British Celanese is challenging, is to take place this month: it may drag on for some time, since the patents remain valid until a decision is reached, and ICI is in no hurry. Finally, Tetley the tea people, who have been doing very well with tea-bags in America and who have been asking shareholders for permission to issue shares in exchange for the privately-held portion of the equity of the American company. These American shares, it appears, are held by a director of Tetley and by a number of executives of the American company, so that the transaction raised a number of points of interest. It went through with the points unanswered.

* * *

The banks are taking vigorous advantage of their temporary freedom to lend as they please. In HP, it is true, the effects are not yet very apparent. The rate-cutting war which was to ruin the small finance companies has fizzled out except in the case of industrial machinery. Elsewhere, particularly in the large and profitable motor car business, everyone seems to have decided that the combined force of laziness, silliness and Puritan conscience will force people to pay quietly through the nose for HP facilities: competition has taken the form of paying steadily larger commissions to dealers, charges have stayed up, and even the smallest houses are still doing fairly well. But bank managers are already reported to be coaxing their customers to switch HP business over to the bank's own finance house, and those houses which get their money by offering very high rates on deposits will find the going difficult when business slackens.

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Week-end Crossword 343

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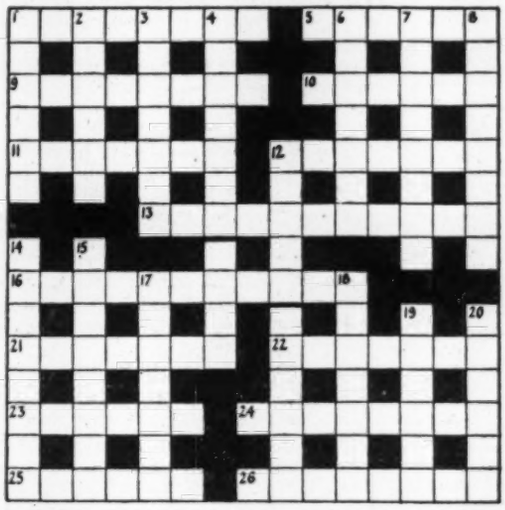

ACROSS

1. Flowers even if the saints are missing (8).
5. There is a large number inside a public vehicle, you can count on it (6).
9. Show disapproval of the monarchy with reservations (8).
10. Look round the pages for a plant (6).
11. Without the two parties the treatment would be in wickedness (7).
12. Defect of the first-rate in the cast (7).
13. Place which puts rubbish in front of the girl and makes the boy follow success (11).
16. Machine which puts an epistle in about the king in the middle of a muddled letter (11).
21. Possibly likes including very loud music (7).
22. Establishments in which the servant is inconspicuous (7).
23. Posted dressed for battle (6).
24. Awkward for every line (8).
25. The idea of an object going backwards in time (6).
26. Repeats for educated people lacking a liberal beginning (8).

DOWN

1. Reel consisting of endless curtseying (6).
2. A musician is in the grip of a headless automaton (6).
3. The rest are disturbed about the sick being quieter (7).
4. National defence is a matter for wise men not party orthodoxy (7, 4).
6. Fault in a terrible mishap (7).
7. People in the news make a disturbance of the peace about which an observer is caught up (8).
8. Tackled with a penny to encourage curves rising (8).
12. Williams' subject has ships on the way (5, 6).
14. Part of a tragedy which may be not amiss (8).
15. The mountaineer sticks a pin in a catalogue (8).
17. Piano I offer in exchange for another instrument (7).
18. He goes up and down and restores (7).
19. Decay of a doctor and rising politician (6).
20. Weigh up a fool of a woman? (6).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 341

C	A	M	U	S		B	A	R	R	A	C	K	E	D
O		A		P		E		O		L		R		O
L	E	S	B	I	A	N		D	A	I	L	I	E	S
D		O		R		T		E		E		S		E
F	A	N	L	I	G	H	T		I	N	C	H	E	S
R		R		T		A		P		A		N		
O	N	Y	X		I	M	P	R	E	G	N	A	T	E
N				G		I		O		E				A
T	I	C	K	E	R	T	A	P	E		E	V	E	S
		A		N		E		E		A		I		T
C	A	M	B	E	R		T	R	A	C	T	O	R	S
A		R		R		P			T		T		L	H
B	R	O	C	A	D	E		I	M	I	T	A	T	E
O		S		L		S		E		N		T		E
T	H	E	R	S	I	T	E	S		G	R	E	E	N

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

AUSTRALIA—University of Melbourne. Department of Psychology. Research Officer. Applications are invited for the above position. Preference will be given to a qualified psychologist who has had experience of research in Social Psychology or who has worked in industry. The person appointed will be a member of a research team and will be mainly responsible for conducting research into Labour-Management relations and allied problems in one of the largest industries in Australia. The full co-operation of both Management and Union representatives has already been obtained and the work promises to be of a significant character. This is a unique opportunity for someone who wishes to obtain further experience and to make a reputation in this field. The appointment will be for three years. Salary will be within the range of £A1,450 to £A2,100 according to qualifications and experience. Like all research workers in this Department, the appointee will also have some academic teaching duties. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close in Australia and London on 31 March 1959.

THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Lecturer in Economic Statistics. Duties to commence on 1 October 1959. The salary scale is as follows: £700×£50 to £850 per annum. Membership of the FSSU and Children's Allowance Scheme. Applications must be sent not later than 15 March 1959, to the Registrar, the University, Manchester 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

UNIVERSITY of Glasgow. Applications are invited for the post of Tutor in the Department of Extra-Mural Education; the person appointed will have teaching and organising duties in the South-West of Scotland. Salary scale £900-£1,650; initial salary according to experience and qualifications; FSSU and family allowance benefits. Particulars may be obtained from the Secretary of the University Court, The University, Glasgow, W2, to whom applications should be returned by 9 March; it is hoped that the successful candidate will be able to take up appointment not later than 1 Aug. 1959.

APPLICATIONS are invited for an experimental appointment as Organiser in adult education, which will include some teaching. The appointment will be for at least three years and will be concerned with developing education in association with local Co-operative societies. The Organiser will be based on Birmingham until early in 1960, and then for two years in another area of experiment. Commencing salary will be within the range of £720×£25 to £880, the point of entry being determined by qualifications and experience. Further details, with application forms—to be returned by Friday, 6 March—from the Chief Education Officer, Co-operative Union, Limited, Stanford Hall, Loughborough, Leicestershire.

NATIONAL Council of Social Service invites applications for assistant (man or woman) to the Director of its research project into social developments in New Towns and other new communities. Appointment for 12 to 15 months at £800 – £1,000 p.a. according to experience. Social science qualification desirable and experience of field work, particularly in research. Applications, with two testimonials, to 26 Bedford Square, WC1, by 27 February.

PADDINGTON General Hospital, Harrow Road, W9. Lᴀ..um ECG Technician Grade II required for approximately 12 weeks. Apply Hospital Secretary.

REQUIRED, the following: 1. Qualified Family Caseworker, experience in training students an advantage, woman, salary AGFCW revised scale according to experience. 2. A Trainee, social science certificate or relevant qualification essential. 3. Family Caseworker for holiday duty for four months, approximately May. Applications giving full details and name of two referees to Secretary, Liverpool Personal Service Society, 34 Stanley Street, Liverpool, 1.

BRIGHTON Education Committee—Applications invited from qualified psychiatric social workers for full-time or part-time appointment. Full-time salary £610 – £845 per annum; initial salary according to experience. Whitley Council conditions of service. Application forms, to be returned within two weeks of appearance of advertisement, and further particulars obtainable from Director of Education, 54 Old Steine, Brighton.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

YOUTH Programme & Sports Organizer for YWCA. This is a new post for a young woman with imagination and initiative, a sound knowledge of club work amongst adolescents and young wives, and experience in physical education. The work includes visiting clubs & hostels in Great Britain, assist in the development of educational & recreational programmes and to represent the Association on other appropriate National Organisations. Car driver preferred. Salary scale £700-£850 p.a. plus travelling expenses. Commencing salary will depend on age, education, qualifications & experience. Write full details to the National General Secretary, YWCA, 108 Baker St, London, W1.

SURREY Education Committee. Youth Service. Applications are invited from qualified men and women for the post of full-time Club Leader of the Castelnau Youth Club, Barnes. The Club meets in its own premises and caters primarily for boys and girls of 15 to 20 years of age. Salary: (a) Teachers and those with qualifications approved by the Committee, in accordance with the appropriate Scale, (men) £475×£25—£900, (women) £430×£20—£720 p.a. plus equal pay increments, plus London Allowance and Burnham Allowance. (b) For other Leaders the salary scale will normally stop short at three increments below the maximum. Increase of 5% for both (a) and (b) under consideration. Application form and further particulars obtainable on receipt of stamped addressed envelope from the Chief Education Officer, County Hall, Kingston-upon-Thames, to be returned by not later than 28 February 1959.

SURREY Education Committee. Wimbledon Community Association—Organising Secretary/Warden. Applications are invited from suitably qualified men for the post of Organising Secretary of the Wimbledon Community Association and Warden of the Community Centre. Applicants must have organising ability, wide cultural interests, and experience in social work. A University Degree or Social Science Diploma, though an advantage, are not essential, but a good educational background will be expected. Salary: £708 15s×£26 5s.—£997 10s. p.a. Application form and further particulars obtainable on receipt of stamped addressed envelope from the Chief Education Officer, County Hall, Kingston-upon-Thames, and should be returned by not later than 28 February 1959.

CHILD Care—London. Hostel for 15/20 boys from broken homes, requires Resident Warden and Matron with understanding and powers of leadership. Joint salary £624/£832 all found. No accommodation for family. Full particulars to Box 6329.

WEST End Travel agency has vacancy for Reservations Clerk, female, 20-25, £10 per week. Typing essential and shorthand an advantage. Also Records Clerk female with good typing and able relieve switchboard, 20-25, £9 p.w. 2 weeks hol. this year. Box 6380.

MANAGER and manageress/cook wanted now for Lake District holiday centre accommodating approx. 35 people. Joint salary £590 p.a. plus full board and lodging. Full details and application form from R. A. Services, Ltd, 48 Park Road, Baker Street, London, NW1.

RADIO & Electrical retail business of good standing, NW London, requires (a) T/V sales and service engineer, (b) Electrician, (c) Trainee. Driving experience essential. Good prospects for keen capable men. State age & details of career. Box 6428.

DESIGNER wanted for Machine Tool makers. Brochures, catalogues, mailing pieces, etc., ideas and finished art work, knowledge of typography. F. J. Edwards Ltd, 359 Euston Rd, NW1.

TRANSLATORS required: French into English. Please write stating conditions: Revue Présence Africaine, 42 rue Descartes, Paris 5e, France.

THE Parliamentary Labour Party requires shorthand typists. Salary according to scale. Superannuation scheme. Apply to Mr. Morgan Phillips, Labour Party, Transport House, Smith Square, London, SW1.

DEAR Miss X, If you would like to exchange the bustle (and expense) of the West End for a pleasant modern office in the quietude of Edmonton there is a really interesting vacancy as Secretary/Personal Assistant to a Director of an expanding Public Company. Irrespective of age we ask for a good educational background, proficient secretarial experience, initiative and intelligence. We offer £11/12 commencing, and the future is up to you. It is worth sending details to Box 6355.

GRANADA TV NETWORK LIMITED

Have a number of vacancies for Senior Secretaries, Shorthand-typists and Clerk-typists in their West End offices. Candidates for the senior posts should have some experience in the entertainment industry. Five-day week, superannuation scheme; holiday arrangements provide for three weeks paid holiday after two years' service.

Write, giving age, qualifications and previous experience, to: Personnel Department, Granada TV Network Limited, 36 Golden Square, London, W1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

ENTERPRISING and imaginative woman aged 28-40, interested international/interdenominational activities, wanted as Assistant to Club Organiser (working with team of 7 f/time & p/time staff) for large women's club. Salary £500 p.a. non-res., plus meals on duty. Apply in writing: General Director, YWCA Central Club, Gt Russell St., WC1.

SALES Assistant, experienced in contemporary furnishing, required at Primavera, 149 Sloane Street, London, SW1. Phone SLO. 8140 for appointment.

REQUIRED for regular part-time work, competent typist able to work at home. Must be within easy reach of Chelsea. Salary by arrangement. Tel. KEN. 1934.

SECRETARY-Receptionist required Kensington office. Knowl. German/French & typing essential. Age immaterial. Interesting work. FRE. 1914 7-9 p.m. or wkend.

SECRETARY, 22/30, for responsible post with management consultants. Salary £600. Portman Bureau, 78 George St, W1. HUN 0676.

SOCIAL work for Children. Experienced Shorthand-typist, general office routine. 5-day week. Telephone LANgham 6061.

PART-time Sec., mainly social welfare & medical, 2-3 mornings. Accurate & rapid shorthand typing. London, NW2. Box 6331.

SECRETARY Shorthand-Typists! Responsible well-paid posts are obtainable through St Paul's Agency. No fees. Write to us for details of suitable vacancies. Temporary work also available! 35 Copthall Avenue, EC2. NAT. 9494.

ALL ladies know that the better-class and more interesting type of office jobs are always available at Acme Agency, 299 Oxford St, W1. (opp. John Lewis). HYD. 4000.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

CANADIAN, young, 4½ years abroad, at present Dean of Students and Director of English in new foreign university, wants administrative and/or teaching position anywhere, offering scope for initiative and organising ability. Write Box 6364.

IMAGINATIVE Man (22), no quals, admin. experience. Interests arts, politics, etc., sks remunerative post with unorthodox employer, London area. Box 6339.

WANTED by educated woman with excellent references, a post as housekeeper. Free from 1 May or 1 June. Box 6411.

LADY, excellent education, presentable, efficient, sks interesting employment, possibly using French, German, Italian. Good organiser. No shorthand. Box 6434.

TOP City Men prefer good secretaries introduced by Stella Fisher Bureau, 436 Strand, WC2.

MABEL Eyles & Prners. Sh./typing, translating, duplicating, printing. MOU. 1701.

SCHOLARSHIPS

THE French Government is offering a limited number of scholarships to British students for research work in France, during the next academic-year. The scholarships are primarily reserved for graduates or undergraduates in their final year, reading French or any other subject (Arts or Science) and also for fine art and music students. For further information apply to: M. Denis Girard, Cultural Attaché, French Embassy, 22 Wilton Crescent, London, SW1, before 1 March.

TYPING AND TRANSLATIONS

DUKE Street Bureau—Bills, Reports, Specifications, all kinds of duplicating perfectly executed at low cost. 2 Duke Street, W1. WEL. 8804.

EXPERT typing. Plays, novels, scripts with really good copies. Recommended by famous writers, but rates still reas. James, Vaynol, E. Preston, Sussex. RUStington 982.

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FAULTLESS Typing for the discriminating writer. Highly recommended by famous authors. Novels, plays, poetry, etc. Editing by expd writer, Dorothy Shirley, 138 Green Lane, Edgware, Middx. STO. 6020.

ALL Types of Typewriting and Duplicating done directly. MSS, Plays, Scripts, Short Stories, etc. Speed is the keynote of our efficient, faultless, inexpensive service. Colinad Co., Ltd., 117 City Rd, EC1. CLE. 9637 (5 doors from Old St Tube Stn).

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MRS Jolly will type or duplicate it for you. 26 Charing Cross Road, WC2. TEM. 5588 and FRE. 8640.

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LECTURE COURSES, etc.—cont. from p. 276

UNIVERSITY College of Swansea. Course of Training on Educational Group Work. This full-time Course by means of which candidates may qualify for the College Diploma in Youth Leadership and Organisation, extends over one Session, is conducted in the Department of Education, and prepares for Educational Group work, primarily in the Youth Service and in community centres. Preference will now be given to graduates, and trained teachers and social workers, but applications will also be considered from candidates without previous training but possessing relevant experience and the capacity to benefit from professional training. Further information and forms of applic. for admission to the Course may be obtained from the Professor of Education, University College, Singleton Park, Swansea. Ministry of Educ. grants are available for approved candidates.

DARTINGTON Music School, Director of Music, Richard Hall, provides a full-time general musical education for performers & teachers with individual tuition in voice & instruments. In being residential the School offers exceptional facilities for chamber music ensemble playing & choral singing. Scholarships are awarded. Prospectus from the Secretary, The Arts Centre, Dartington Hall, Totnes, S. Devon.

HOME Preparation for Examinations. University Correspondence College, est. 1887, conducts tuition by postal lessons for General Certificate of Education (London, Oxford, Cambridge, Northern, and others), London University External Degrees (BA, BSc, BSc(Econ), LLB), ACP, LCP, Law, and many other exams. Prospectus free from Registrar, 70 Burlington House, Cambridge.

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TUITION by post for GCE, Lond. Univ. Degrees, Diplomas; Law, Profess. exams, Mod. fees. Prospectus (mention exam.) from E. W. Shaw Fletcher, CBE, LLB, Dept VH91, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

UNISCHOL Tutorial College – the Specialists in Maths & Science. Unequalled tuition at all levels up to Univ. Degree. Spacious well-eqppd laboratories. 2 mins Finsbury Pk Tube. 308 Seven Sisters Rd, N4.

SECRETARIAL Training, especially for university graduates, and older students, six-month and intensive 14-week courses. Write Organising Secretary, Davies's, 2 Addison Road, W1. PARk 8392.

INDIVIDUAL tuition in painting. Monday 9 a.m.-3 p.m., Friday 9 a.m.-4 p.m., Saturday 9 a.m.-9 p.m. Studio available, or visiting. Heinz Koppel, 28 Grt North Rd, N6. FITzroy 0877.

SPANISH Guitar Lessons. Auth. Span. meth. Personal and class lessons by Len Williams. Apply free booklet cont. 'History of the Guitar'. Spanish Guitar Centre, 36 Cranbourne St, WC2. Tel. COV. 0754.

RUSSIAN, French, German, Spanish, Italian. Expert Tuition by native teachers, private lessons, small classes, conversation groups. The Mentor, 11 Charing Cross Rd, WC2 (opp. Garrick Theatre). TRA. 2044.

PROFITABLE career Manicure Postal Course 3 gns. inc. (Diploma). S.a.e.: College reg., 313 New Kings Rd, Lond., SW6.

CULTURED accent taught quickly by TV & stage actress. Hear yourself progress in 3 hrs. Phone Colville, TD, LCM. FRE. 2572.

PAINTING as a Pastime. Mary Law, exhibitor at RA and Paris Salon. Small classes. Beginners welcome. Tel. WIL. 6025.

EASTER AND SUMMER SCHOOLS

University of Birmingham
Department of Extra-Mural Studies
ART AND ARCHITECTURE
STUDY VISIT TO VENICE
27 March-11 April 1959
£55

A few places still available.
Details from: The Director of Extra-Mural Studies, The University, Edmund Street, Birmingham 3.

34TH Summer School of Sociology, at Jesus College, Oxford, from 31 August to 4 September on 'Work and its Reward – a Revaluation'. Write for prospectus to The Summer School Secretary, The Church Union, 6 Hyde Park Gate, SW7 (s.a.e. please).

NEWLYN Holiday Sketching Group, 11 May to 11 Sept. 1959. Daily expeditions with tuition. Large studio. Beginners welcomed. Book for week, fortnight or longer. Prospectus from Director, Gernick Field Studio, Newlyn, Penzance, Cornwall.

PERSONAL

CHINESE. Beginner wishes learn in SW15 area. Ideas welcomed. Box 6330.

PERSONAL—continued

POTTER finds potting difficult with growing family and a successful coffee bar in Thameside village. Now wishes to sell latter £2,200 o.n.o. Box 6410.

FILM Co. redundancy. Gentleman 38 (single), highest integrity, adaptable, seeks any engagement. Box 6425.

LODGINGS with a family in central London urgently wanted for a reliable 17-year old girl in steady employment. Payment guaranteed. Please apply to the Area Children's Officer, 313 Harrow Road, W9.

FOSTER parents, skilled in handling adolescent problems required for unmarried mother of 16 years. Intelligent, well-educated girl who has had severe handicaps to contend with but is potentially able to respond to constructive support. Foster home must be in or near London because of girl's employment. Maintenance guaranteed. Apply to London County Council, Children's Department, 313 Harrow Road, W9. (352.)

LONG estab. residential club London area needs additional capital for further expansion, high interest offered. Box 5997.

RUSSIAN Folk Dancing: interested reader wishes join London Group. Box 6311.

WANTED complete set Russian Linguaphone records. Box 6363.

SCOOTER-owner (f.) seeks similar interested in 2-week chesp painting-scooting hol. across Channel this summer. Box 6050.

QUIET yng. man, pipe-smoking type, ex-Scout, sks. similar view planning holiday Italy spring. Pref. able to drive. Box 6051.

WILL any kind person help struggling TV writer, woman? Highest references, full details. Box 6093.

A SANE prep. school? Imaginative but firm? Establishment planned Sept. if sufficient parents interested. Country district, NW London fringe. Box 5440.

YOUNG man (30) seeks companion (m.) for two weeks' Continental holiday in June or July. Box 6300.

WOULD Social Science graduates, interested in taking a part-time Mental Health Course if it were available, write to Box 6432.

WELL-known Language School, closed by war, reopening in European capital. Director seeks partners (m. or f.). Box 6049.

PUBLICITY Design & Production Service. Leaflets, posters, ads., etc. Box 6426.

FRENCH lessons by well-educ. Parisian. SPE 4438 before 10 a.m./aft. 6 p.m.

COLOUR Schemes designed: problem rooms attacked. Moderate fee. Pamela Lucas, 23 Court Lane, SE21.

PORTRAITS painted in oil or pastel, also from photographs. Mod. charges. Box 6362.

PLANNED Family Requisites. List s.a.e. Surgical Stores, 10a Dartmouth Rd, SE23.

DAVIES Investments Limited, Bankers, still offer 7½% on sums £20 to £500 (withdrawal on demand) with extra ½% on each £500 unit – details from Investment Dept N, Davies Investments Ltd, Danes Inn House, 265 Strand, London, WC2.

STOP Smoking At Once – or money back! Free booklet from Natural Health Co., Dept. J.9, 23 White Hart Lane, SW13.

GERMAN lessons, language/literature, all levels. Native teachers. Social activities with German students. Ashley College, 'phone GER. 8782.

YOU can speak Italian effortlessly in 3 months. Setogni. WEL. 6655 for details.

TV Urgently Needs Scripts! Our correspondence course can teach you to earn big money by writing TV scripts that sell. Individual and practical coaching by experts. Free Prospectus from Dept 104, Television Writing School, 7 Harley St, London, W1.

CHRONIC Catarrh is commonly treated with drugs, inhalants, gargles, sprays, cauterisation and even surgery but, withal, the condition – the implacable enemy of fitness, activity, happiness (and beauty) – remains. Garlisol tablets will liquefy catarrh and purify and clear the whole system. Entirely harmless and benevolent; no drug reaction on the heart or any other organ. Not habit-forming. Send 52s. 6d. today for 1,000 Garlisol tablets (six months' supply) with informative booklet of home treatment and dietary advice. – Garlisol Natural Remedies, Fairlight, Sussex.

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PHILIP Humphreys, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, S. Kensington, SW7. KENsington 8042.

A FRIENDLY, informal society through which members meet at theatres, concerts, opera, ballet, exhibitions, dances, etc. Send s.a.e. to The Companions Club, 11(S) Dryden Chambers, 119 Oxford St, W1.

PERSONAL—continued

TEENAGE Holidays. Easter and Summer Drama Schools; Leatherhead Repertory Theatre, Surrey, and Chanticleer Theatre, London. Seven-day Courses starting 5 April, 5 July, 26 July, 2 Aug., 9 Aug. Eve. Course 17 Aug. £8 8s. and £5 5s. Professional Stage Staff. Syllabus from Director, Miss M. Naylor, 6 The Keir, Westside, Wimbledon.

RUSSIAN lessons by a lady linguist, Cambridge degree. KENsington 9523.

GCE Saturday morning classes, small groups, Physics, Chemistry, Mathematics, O or A, English Language O Level. Also one week's intensive revision course, Easter. All tuition provided by experienced University Honours Graduates. MEA. 1028 or Box 6192.

BRAZIERS, Ipsden, Oxon: 13 Mar. 'Writers & Writing' (Honor Fawsitt); 20, Garfield-Howe Guitar Gp; 26-31, Easter Festival of Arts (S. Hartridge, Christina Hole).

GUITAR Lessons. Classical. Chesnakov, 48a Cathcart Rd, SW10. FLA. 4354.

EXPERIENCED Journalist writes speeches, reports, articles, books. Box 6365.

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FOREIGN girls domest. and willing avail. (1) 'au pair', (2) requiring free board & lodg. in exch. 4 hrs help, (3) also small contribution for board & lodg. & 2 hrs help. Eductour, 10 Exhibition Rd, SW7.

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THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St, WC1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and Reservists.

VISION Corrected. Sight improved without glasses. Qualified Bates Practitioner. Michael Ronan, 29 Gloucester Road, SW7. KNIghtsbridge 7323.

INTERPRET for foreign holidays, 3 LP records & 2 books. Only £3 10s. post-free. French, Spanish, Italian & German. Free trial. No deposit. Visaphone Company (Dept NS), Box 6054.

FAMILY Planning requisites by post anywhere. Booklet, price list free under sealed cover. Premier Laboratories Ltd, 315/46 Grays Inn Rd, London, WC1.

EARN Money Songwriting! Interesting free book tells how. Send 2d. stamp to Linton School of Songwriting, Desk N, 20 Denmark St, London, WC2.

CONTINENT. Attractive posts for girls avail. Also. wanted, p.g. accommodation and exchanges seaside/country for students. Eductour, 10 Exhibition Rd, London.

WRITE for Profit. Send today for interesting free booklet. Regent Institute (Dept. E/191), Palace Gate, London, W8.

HOMOSEXUALS are still frequently prosecuted for acts committed by consenting adults in private. This is likely to continue until the law is changed. Write to The Homosexual Law Reform Society, 32 Shaftesbury Ave, London, W1.

LYRICS and sketches required. Scripts to Irving Theatre, Leicester Square, WC2.

HUMANISM, a modern outlook. Write to Ethical Un, 13 Prince of Wales Tce, W8.

PLANNED Families Booklet free. Write Court Surgical Stores, Ltd, 12 Marriotts Court, Manchester, 2, for our price list of our Surgical goods.

DUREX gloves and rubber surgical appliances sent under plain cover. Write or call for our free price list now. Fiertag, Dept N.N., 34 Wardour St, London, W1.

FOOD AND DRINK

HIGHWAYS Vegetarian Café, lower ground floor, 273-281 Roxburgh House, Regent St, near corner Margaret St & Regent St.

APFELSTRUDEL (also pastry), rum baba, dobos, french pastries, paklava, birthday & wedding cakes – reasonable prices at Pittas patisserie, 3 Percy St, nr Tott. Ct Rd.

WANTED, a really bright idea for Bob's birthday gift. I have it. Superb El Cid Sherry, the light Amontillado he prefers. I'll send him half a dozen bottles. Wish someone would do the same for me.

SCHOOLS

KING Alfred School (F.1898) Prog. Co-Educ. Day School, age 4 to 18. Recognised by Min. of Educ. 6-acre premises at Manor Wood, North End Road, NW11.

SCHOOLS—continued

THE Town and Country School, 38-40 Eton Avenue, NW3 (SWI. 3391). Small group weekly or full boarders accepted, boys and girls 5-18. GCE Advanced and Scholarship standard. Week-ends & Sum. holidays. Hedgerley Wood, Chinnor Hill (16 acres woodland, Chiltern Hills 750ft). Realistic approach to modern education. E. Paul, PhD; M. D. C. Graham, MA (Oxon).

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KENSINGTON. Sunny b/s, mod. court. C.h., c.h.w. basin. Use k., b. WES. 2267.

PUTNEY. One attractive furn. divan-room to let, share kit. & bathrm. Suit business girl. 55s. p.w. PUT. 3395.

NEWLY dec. 2-rmd furn. flat. Select hse. Also sngle b/s room, NW2. GLA. 2441.

TO let furnished, 2 rooms, use of kitchen and bathroom, telephone, from 1 May till 1 Sept. Kensington nr. Nottinghill Gate. References reqd. £5 5s. p.w. Box 6361.

HAMPSTEAD. Really charming div.-rm (sgle) overlkng garden. Good-class accom. in author's house. Ckng facs, washbasin (run. hot). Use tel., bath. £3. HAM. 7428.

LARGE pleasant bedsitting-room, partial board, private house, view attractive garden, easy access town. CROydon 0869.

FURNISHED double room and kitchenette, £3 weekly. 'Phone WIL. 6316.

PROFESSIONAL Man (35) wishes share his centrally heated Baker St flat with another. 4½ guineas weekly. Box 6409.

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SHARE-a-Flat, 175 Piccadilly. HYD. 2545. The right person, or the right flat.

HAMPSTEAD – Comfortable single/sharing accommodation with board. SWI. 3365.

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INTERNATIONAL Residential Club, 200 dble & sgle rooms, £4 10s. full board. 12 Parkhill Rd, East Croydon. CRO. 2634.

CONGENIAL atmosphere music/lit. ints. Lge sgle room £3. HAM. 8109 after 4.

NW2. Lge Bedsit. rm newly decorated. Quiet hse opp. Bakerloo. £3. GLA. 7005.

CONTEMPORARY dec. & furn. s-c. basement flat. Bright & warm. Sit., bed., kit., bath., c.h.w., own tel.; top Campden Hill, 7 gns. PARk 9161.

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ONE-room furn. flatlet, h. & c., everything supplied. MOU. 4196.

ST John's Wood. £3 10s. central heating, cooking facilities. Good-natured, graduate landlady. Box 6408.

NR Highgate Underground, 2 well-furn. rooms immed. available, one cent.-heated, both basins with h. & c., ckg. facs. No meals. 3 & 2 gns. resp. Suit prof. person, student, musician. Box 6327.

ACCOM. with partial board available. 'Phone MAI. 4154 or call 98 Maida Vale.

SINGLE furn. room near Marble Arch; cooking facs and service, h. & c., telephone. Ring WEL. 3921.

BEAUTIFUL Richmond. Quiet large well-furn. divan-lounge, k'nette, c.h.w., garden. 3½ gns. RIC. 0396.

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HOLIDAY Flatlets in country house, overlooking N. Devon surfing beach. 8 gns a week. Duncan, Welcombe, Bideford.

COTTAGE, Scotland, West Coast, to let weekly April-August, fully furnished six people. Morvern Peninsula. Write Creighton, St Patrick's Hall, Reading.

ATLANTIC Coast, Ilfracombe, Devon. Lge sea-view flat, sleep 4-7 (extra rms). From 8 gns. Nr bathing, shops, country. May-Oct. Children welcome. S.a.e.: Box 5959.

HOUSEBOAT, narrow-boat type, for sale. Recommended only for boating enthusiasts with strong constitutions. Some mod. cons. Pleasant mooring available Weybridge. Garage nearby. £150. Box 6415.

ACCOMMODATION EXCHANGE

HOLIDAYS in Scotland! Exchange 5 apt bungalow near Glasgow 11 July-15 Aug. for similar accom. seaside. South Coast preferred. Box 6332.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED

YOUNG business woman reqs rooms & kitchenette, pref. Cent./NW. Box 6310.

WOMAN teacher reqs small self-contained flat, North London. Box 6336.

PROPERTIES TO LET AND FOR SALE

LITTONDALE, Yorks. Furnished bungalow, fine position, accom. 4/5, bath, electricity. Vacant before 13 June, 4-18 July. Dalegarth, Hawkswick, Skipton.

HAMPSTEAD Mews Contemporary open plan design, 1 bedroom, 2 recep., k., b. & large garage, £4,500 freehold. SWI. 3462.

OPERA AND BALLET

THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE
COVENT GARDEN

COVENT GARDEN OPERA
23, 26 & 28 Feb. at 7.30
Last perfs. of Lucia di Lammermoor
(in Italian)

THE ROYAL BALLET
24 Feb. at 7.30
Mam'zelle Angot, La Fête Etrange, Petrushka
25 & 27 Feb. at 7.30
Le Lac des Cygnes
28 Feb. at 2.0
Coppelia
COV. 1066

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE
TER. 1672. Evenings 7.30

24 & 28 Feb.	Russalka
25 Feb. & 4 Mar.	Madam Butterfly
26 & 27 Feb. & 3 Mar.	The Merry Widow
5 & 7 Mar.	Fidelio
6 Mar.	The Marriage of Figaro

THE Art of Ballet, introduced by Felicity Gray with Dancers from The Royal Ballet, Full Orchestra. Cond.: Geoffrey Corbett. St Pancras Town Hall Fri. 27 Feb. 7.30. Tkts: 5s., 3s. 6d., 2s. 6d. from Town Hall (TER 7070) & Pub. Libraries in St Pancras.

THEATRES

ARTS. TEM. 3334. Tu. Fr. 8. St., Sn., 5, 8. 'Traveller Without Luggage.' Mems.

IRVING. WHI. 8657. Glamour & Girls. 3-yr Cont. revue fr. 2.30 Sn. 4. 10th Ed. 5th wk. Call/send 27s. 6d. for mems. tkt.

ROYAL Court. SLO. 1745. 7.30. Th. 2.30. S. 5 & 8.15. The Long & The Short & The Tall. 'Should run for ever.' S. Graph.

TH. Royal, E15. MAR. 5973. 8. St. 5. 'Fings Aint Wot They Used t' Be'.

THE Relapse, by Sir John Vanbrugh, presented by Tavistock Repertory Company and Produced by Adrian Rendle. St Pancras Town Hall Mon. & Tues. next at 7.30. Tickets: 5s., 3s. 6d., 2s. 6d. from Town Hall (TER 7070) & Pub. Libraries in St. Pancras.

TOWER. 7.30. 19, 20, 21 Feb.: 'The Relapse'. 27, 28 Feb. (Mems, 1 Mar.), 5, 6, 7 Mar.: 'The Plough & The Stars'. CAN. 5111 (6-8.30), CAN. 3475 (before 6), Canonbury, N1.

UNITY EUS. 5391. Puerto Franco, L. Peck's new play. Fri., Sat., Sun., 7.45. Also film 'Operation Teutonic Sword' with Rocket Site Demonstration Newsreel, Sat., Sun., 21, 22 Feb. at 5 p.m. Mems.

CONCERTS

HANDEL'S Samson. Royal Festival Hall, Sat., 28 Feb., at 8. Adele Leigh, Norman Tattersall, John Mitchinson, Monica Sinclair, Jennifer Vyvyan, James Pease. London Choral Society. London Philharmonic Orchestra. John Tobin. Tickets: 12s. 6d., 10s., 7s. 6d., 5s. (WAT. 3191.)

90TH Concert of French Music. A 60th-birthday Tribute to Francis Poulenc, Wigmore Hall, Fri. 6 March at 7.30. Artists inc. Irma Kolassi, Jacques Février, Alex Murray and Cambridge Univ. Madrigal Society (cond. Raymond Leppard). Tkts 10s., 7s. 6d., 5s., 2s. 6d. from Hall (WEL. 2141).

ICA, Wigmore Hall, Tuesday, 24 February, 7.30. Works by Eisler, A. Goehr, Lutyens, Stockhausen, Webern, Dorothy Dorow (Soprano), Rosemary Phillips (Contralto), The Virtuoso Ensemble, Conductor: Walter Goehr. Tickets 9s., 6s. reserved; 3s. unreserved, from the Box Office.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ACADEMY Cinema (GER. 2981). Morning shows daily 11 a.m. (ex. Suns). 'The Bolshoi Ballet' (U). Eastman colour.

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Free Cinema. Until 1 March: Clair's Paris Qui Dort (U), Lindsay Anderson's Every Day Except Christmas (U), McLaren's Chairy Tale (U), Nice Time (U), etc.

ROXY (BAY. 2345) W/c 22 Feb. 7 days. Trevor Howard, 'Manuela' (A). Richard Basehart, 'The Extra Day' (U).

CHARLES Chaplin in 'A King in New York' with Dawn Addams & Michael Chaplin. The King of Comedians in his latest & most hilarious film, with supporting programme. St Pancras Town Hall, Wed., 4 Mar., at 7.30. Tickets: 5s., 3s. 6d., 2s. 6d. from Town Hall (TER. 7070) & Public Libraries in St Pancras.

LEWISHAM FS. Jannings' 'Last Laugh'. 7.45, 26 Feb. Catford Tn Hall. RAV 2424.

GALA. Opening this Sat., 21 Feb., 7 p.m., Artists-Authors Club, 6 Flitcroft St. WC2. Jazz. Dance. Cabaret. Poetry Rdg, Sun. 3.

CARIBBEAN Night next Sat. 21 Feb 8-11.30, at Chenil Galleries, King's Rd, Chelsea. Calypso Band. 7s. 6d. inc. extra. Cen. Lond. Fabian Soc. Members & friends.

HUMPHREY Lyttelton Dance, Sat., 28 Feb., 7.30-11.30 p.m. Seymour Hall, Seymour Place W1. Tickets at door: 6s Spons: Hampstead & St Marylebone Labour Parties.

ENTERTAINMENTS—continued

GALINA Ulanova in 'Romeo & Juliet.' Bolshoi Ballet Colour Film. Music by Prokofiev. Based on Lavrosky's Stage Ballet, with supporting programme. St Pancras Town Hall, Tues., 3 Mar., at 7.30. Tickets: 5s., 3s. 6d., 2s. 6d. from Town Hall (TER. 7070) & Public Libraries in St Pancras.

DANCE. International Friendship League. Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, WC1. Sat. 21 Feb. 7.30-11 p.m. Tickets 4s.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Dancing to Don Simmons Group. Today, Sat. 21 Feb., 8-11 p.m. Mems. 3s. & their guests 5s.

EXHIBITIONS

BOOKS FROM POLAND
on many subjects

Exhibitions in OXFORD 21 Feb.-7 March (OUP Showroom, High St); CAMBRIDGE 4-14 March (W. Heffer, Petty Cury); GLASGOW 2-14 March (John Smith, 57-61 St Vincent St); LONDON 16-28 March (Collet's, 44 Museum St, WC1).

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. 8 German Painters: Bruning, Gaul, Gotz, Hoehme, Dahmen, Schultze, Schumacher, Platschek. 19 Feb.-14 Mar. Weekdays 10-6, Saturdays 10-1. Admission 1s. Members free. Library: Drawings by Gordon Fazakerley, 19 Feb.-14 Mar.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St George St, W1. Isabel Lambert—Recent Paintings. Until March 13. 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W1. XIX and XX Century French Paintings on View. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. The Microscope and Zoology in the Nineteenth Century; Electricity in the Service of Medicine; and other exhibitions Mon.-Friday, 10-5. Adm. free.

POLITICAL Comment & Social Satire. The Partisan, 7 Carlisle St, W1. From 10 a.m.—midnight. Until 28 Feb.

PETER Thompson: Recent ink paintings. 3-28 Feb. 10-6, Sats 10-1. St George's Gallery Prints, 7 Cork St, W1. REGent 3660.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, W1. Norman Adams: Recent Paintings; Bernard Kay: 1st One-man Exhibn.

LEICESTER Galleries, Leicester Sq. Paintings by Elinor Bellingham-Smith and Michael Michaelides. 10-5.30, Sats. 10-1. Till 26 Feb.

ZWEMMER'S Gallery, 26 Litchfield St, WC2. Drawings Nigel Lambourne, Paintings Margaret Souttar. Until 27 Feb.

GALLERY One, 20 D'Arblay Street, W1 (GERrard 3529). Winter Miscellany.

RUSSIAN paintings from the 13th to the 20th century. An Arts Council Exhibition. Royal Academy. Till 1 March, Weekdays 10-7, Sunday 2-6. Admission 2s. 6d.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W1. First London Exhibition of Stragiotti; French Impressionist Paintings; 'Gravures en Couleurs'. 10-6, Sat. 10-1. Closes 28 Feb.

AIA Gallery, 15 Lisle St, Leicester Sq., WC2. Primitive Sculpture of West Africa and Photographs by Roger Mayne. Also Picture Lending Library. Yearly sub. 1 gn. and 7s. 6d. per month per painting.

WADDINGTON Galleries, Hendi Hayden, recent paintings. 2 Cork Street, W1. Daily 10-6, Sat. 10-1.

WOODSTOCK Gallery, 16 Woodstock Street, Bond Street, W1. MAYfair 4419. 23 Feb.-7 March. Paintings, Faulkner, Group 13 Free Painters, Beves. 10-6. Sats. 10-1.

YOUNG Contemporaries/59, RBA Galleries, Suffolk St, SW1. 10-5, Sun. 2-5.

LITHOGRAPHS by Arthur Flory. Paintings from the Royal Academy's Summer Exhibition. Sculpture by Ben Segal. South London Art Gallery, Peckham Road, SE5. Until 5 Mar. Wkdays 10-6. Suns 3-6. Free.

DRIAN Gallery, 7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W2. Paintings by Barnard and Portway.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

BRITISH Asian & Overseas Socialist Fellowship (London) discussion meeting, Wed., 25 February, 7.30 p.m. First floor, Partisan, 7 Carlisle St, W1. Oscar Kambona on 'The Accra Conference'. Adm. 1s.

CHINA—G. C. T. Giles will give 2 lectures on The Communes at Hampstead Town Hall, Mons, 23 Feb. & 9 March, 8 p.m. Adm. 1s. 6d. (two, 2s. 6d.) Hampstead BCFA.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

Universities & Left Review Club
'LABOUR AND THE COLONIES'
JOHN REX & JOHN HATCH
The Marquee (next Academy Cinema)
Oxford St, W1.
Mon. 23 Feb., 7.30. 2s. Mems. 1s.

ULR visit Le Corbusier Exhibition Sun. 22 Feb., 4 p.m., followed by discussion led by John Holness 6 p.m. Left Book Club, 7 Carlisle St, W1.

LONDON Schools Left Club. Fri. 27 Feb. Paul Ignotus, 'Peace and East Europe', 5.45. 7 Carlisle Street, W1. Entrance 9d., members free (school students only).

UNIVERSITY of London: Lectures will be delivered at the London School of Economics and Political Science, Houghton Street, Aldwych, WC2, as follows. 'Civil Liberties in the United Kingdom and Colonies', by Mr Neil Lawson, QC, at 5 p.m. on 24 February; 'Civil Liberties in the USA', by Professor H. H. Wilson (Princeton) at 5 p.m. on 3 March; 'Civil Liberties in Europe', by Mr Norman Marsh (Oxford) at 5 p.m. on 10 March. Admission free, without ticket. James Henderson, Academic Registrar.

23 February 1959. 'Israel's Second Front—'The Economic Struggle'. A 'Living Newspaper' with: Mr I. Jezierski, BSc (Econ)—European Manager Israel Wholesale Co-operate Soc. and Mr M. Peled (Assistant Economic Counsellor to the Israel Embassy), Mr. Alan Burke (General Secretary Anglo-Israel Chamber of Commerce) and Mr David Cohen (Economic Department, Jewish Agency) at Friends House, Euston Road, NW1 (Garden Entrance), arranged by the Zionist Federation. 7.30 p.m.

FOUR Public Debates Tues. 6.30 begin 24 Feb. Nationalisation (A. E. Cooper, MP, and Arthur Palmer, MP); Labour Policy for Education (Michael Stewart, MP, and P. Ingress Bell, MP); Standards of the Press (Cecil Harmsworth King); Unilateral Nuclear Disarmament (Mervyn Jones and Michael Howard). Speeches from the floor invited. Course ticket 5s. Details from Sec., Morley College, 61 Westminster Bridge Road, SE1 (WAT. 6872).

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Wed. 25 February, 'Science and Socialist Planning', Nigel Calder, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. 7.30. Vis. 2s. 6d.

BRITISH-Caribbean Association to develop greater understanding and friendship between the peoples of West Indies and the UK. Inaugural Meeting. Federation Day, Monday 23 February, 8 p.m. Porchester Hall, Queensway, W2. Speakers—Garnet Gordon, CBE, QC; Arthur Blenkinsop, MP; Nigel Fisher, MP; Charles Royle, JP, MP. All welc.

SCHOPENHAUER Society, Caxton Hall, 7.45 p.m. Wed. 25 Feb. 'Views on Man'. Admission free.

DRAMA and Education Fellowship: 'Urgency of Education': John Morley, of The Joint Council for Education Through Art. 2 p.m. Sat. 28 Feb., College of Preceptors, 2 & 3 Bloomsbury Square, WC1.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, SW1. 28 February at 6 p.m. Prof. G. Gusdorf (Alliance Française): Comment définir la culture française?

'ISLAND of Birds': first performance of new colour film, with James Fisher. Royal Festival Hall, Sat. 7 March, 3 p.m. All seats bookable. 2s. 6d.-10s.

EDUCATION in Britain. Sam Fisher. Hampstead Town Hall. 24 Feb., 8 p.m. 6d. Belsize Communist Party.

SCR—Mark Dignam talks about Stratford visit to Moscow on Friday 27 Feb., 7.30 p.m. (coffee 6.45 p.m.) at 14 Kensington Sq., W8. Adm. 2s.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gdns, W11. PARk 7696. Fri. 20 Feb. 8 p.m. Sir Cecil Kisch: 'Blok and the Intelligentsia'. Fri. 27 Feb. 8 p.m. Prof. George Rogers: 'Moussorgsky & Boris Godounov'. Chairman: Leslie Paul, SRSL (musical illus.). At the French Institute, Queensberry Place, SW7, Sun. 22 Feb., 5 p.m. Russian film. Tkts obtainable in advance 3s. 6d. Mems. 2s.

SPLACE Ethical Soc., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Sun. 11 a.m. 22 Feb. Archibald Robertson, MA, 'Moral Man and Immoral Government'. Write for free 'Record'. Chamber Music Concert 6.30 p.m.

'GRODDECK on Our Human World', Oscar Köllerström, Caxton Hall, Caxton St, SW1, 23 February, 8.15 p.m.

CONWAY Discussions, South Place Ethical Soc., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Tues. 7.15 p.m. 24 Feb. H. J. Blackham, BA, 'Boris Pasternak's 'Dr Zhivago''.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

MISS Ruth Pitter & Mr David Patterson will speak on 'Modern Christian & Jewish Literature' at 7 p.m. on Tues., 24 Feb. at King's Weigh House, Binney St, W1, almost opposite Selfridges. All welcome.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St, W8, Sun., 22 February, 6.30. Music & Readings. 7 p.m. Virginia Flemming: 'Education of The Humanistic Conscience'.

BUDDHIST Society, Special Public Lecture, Caxton Hall, SW1, Wed. 25 Feb., 6.30 sharp: 'The Strength of No Desire', Christmas Humphreys. Also, at 58 Eccleston Square, SW1, Saturday Group, 28 Feb., 3 p.m.: readings, discussion, tea. Open to all. Send 3s. for 'The Middle Way'. Information TAT. 1313.

ST Marylebone Labour Party. Brains Trust, Seymour Hall, Lecture Hall, NW1, Thurs., 5 March, 8 p.m. Leslie Hale, MP, Michael Foot, R. W. G. Mackay, Baroness Wootton of Abinger, Ben Hooberman, Cllr T. Vernon. Entrance free.

PACIFIST Universalist Service. 3.30 Sunday 22 Feb. 32 Tavistock Sq., Euston. Leonard Tomkinson: 'Some Early Chinese Anti-War Writings'.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre, 68 Dukes Ave, Muswell Hil, N10: Swami Ghanananda, Suns, 5 p.m. Bhagavad-Gita. Thurs., 26 Feb., 7.30, Caxton Hall, SW1: 'Hinduism in a Nutshell'.

W. Q. JUDGE: Public Lectures on his Writings. Sun., 22 Feb., 8 p.m. 'Conversations on Occultism'. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, W2. (PAD. 0688.)

SPIRITUALISM proves survival. Lectures and demonstrations daily. London H.Q., 33 Belgrave Square, SW1. BEL. 3351.

MEETINGS of up to 100 persons can be held in the newly designed Asquith Room at 2 Soho Sq., W1. 'Phone or write for full detls to Office Manager, ACTT. GER. 8506.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

GRESHAM College, Basinghall St, London, EC2. Tel. MON. 2433. Four lectures on 'Shakespeare's Roman Plays' will be given by Professor Bonamy Dobrée, MA (Gresham Professor in Rhetoric), on Mon. to Thurs., 23 to 26 February. The lectures are free and begin at 5.30 p.m.

UNIVERSITY of London: A course of three lectures entitled 'Excavations at Gordion in Phrygia'; (i) 'Gordion—The Hellenistic, Persian and Lydian Phases'; (ii) 'Gordion—The Phrygian City'; (iii) 'Gordion—The Phrygian Tombs' will be delivered by Professor R. S. Young (Pennsylvania) at 5.30 p.m. on 2, 4 and 6 March at the Institute of Archæology, 31-34 Gordon Square, WC1. Admission free, without ticket. James Henderson, Academic Registrar.

UNIVERSITY of London: A course of two lectures entitled 'Disarmament'; (i) 'The Arms Race'; (ii) 'A Programme for World Disarmament' will be delivered by The Rt Hon. Philip Noel-Baker at 5.30 p.m. on 2 and 9 March at King's College, Strand, WC2. Admission free, without ticket. James Henderson, Academic Registrar.

UNIVERSITY of London: A course of two lectures entitled 'La psychanalyse et la philosophie contemporaine' will be delivered by Professor J. Hyppolite (Paris) at 5.30 p.m. on 3 and 4 March at King's College, Strand, WC2. The lectures will be delivered in French. Admission free, without ticket. James Henderson, Academic Registrar.

UNIVERSITY of London: A course of two lectures entitled (i) 'Experimental Phonetics and Phonology, their Relation to General Linguistics'; (ii) 'Phonetic Interpretation of Acoustic Sound Spectra' will be delivered by Professor O. von Essen (Hamburg) at 5.30 p.m. on 2 and 3 March at University of London, Senate House, WC1. Admission free, without ticket. James Henderson, Academic Registrar.

UNIVERSITY of London: A course of three lectures entitled (i) and (ii) 'Holy Russia'; (iii) 'White, Black and Red Russia' will be delivered by Professor A. V. Soloviev (Geneva) at 5 p.m. on 3, 5 and 10 March at the School of Slavonic and East European Studies, University of London, WC1. The third lecture will be delivered in Russian. Admission free, without ticket. James Henderson, Academic Registrar.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages & School of English for Foreign Nationals, Students' Club, 26-32 Oxford Street. LANgham 1005. All foreign languages in day & evng classes or private lessons beginners & all grades. Daily classes in English and prep. for Cambridge Univ. Certificates. Short or long courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

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LECTURE COURSES—cont. on page 275

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